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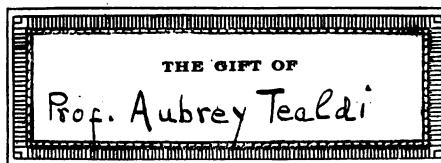
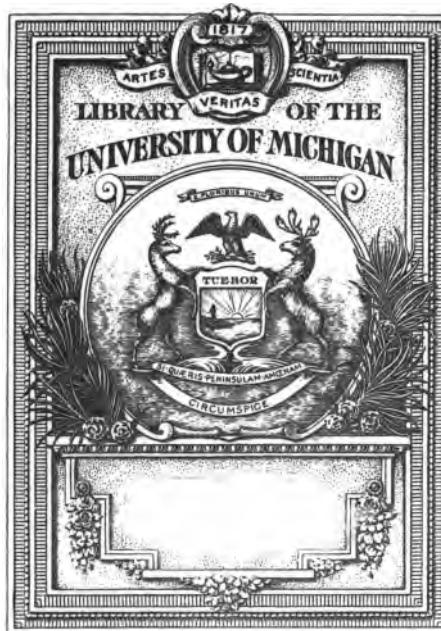
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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.





Shakespeare, William

AS YOU LIKE IT

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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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As You Like It

INTRODUCTION

DATE

As You Like It was first entered in the Stationers' Register on August 4, 1600, together with *Much Ado*, *Henry V*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. To all of them the curious note 'to be stayed' was attached, and it is difficult to understand the reason for this: three of these plays were printed within a few months of this entry, but *As You Like It* made its first appearance in the Folio of 1623. The entry, however, forms a later limit for the composition of *As You Like It*, while an earlier limit is suggested by the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in his famous enumeration of Shakespeare's works in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598. There are many passages in the play which have been thought to bear a topical significance: of these the most important is the famous allusion to Marlowe,

'Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight,'

in the fifth scene of the third act.

The second line of this couplet is a quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* which was printed in 1598. This goes to confirm the negative evidence supplied by Meres to fix 1598 as a lower limit. The reference to 'Diana in the fountain' has been thought to have been suggested by the erection of a statue of Diana in West Cheap in 1596: the description, however, is not an accurate one and this allusion cannot be accepted as proved when we consider how very frequently Diana was the figure chosen to ornament fountains in Elizabeth's time. Various editors have seen references to the statute prohibiting the use of

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oaths in plays, and to the penal laws against witchcraft which were drawn up in 1603 and 1605 respectively. These, again, are unsatisfactory, as the passages seem too general to be intended as conveying any distinct reference to particular laws: nor, indeed, would they prove anything as to the later date of the play even if they could be admitted. Nevertheless the *Hero and Leander* quotation, and the omission of mention by Meres together with the entry in the Stationers' Register combine to settle the play's date within well-defined limits.

Turning to internal evidence the same conclusion is arrived at. Leaving aside the songs and the love-rhymes which Orlando indulged in, rhyme is comparatively scarce: double and light endings are by no means unusual: the diction is distinctly that of the second period where thought and expression are balanced. In fact, both the subject and treatment are in some ways akin to *Much Ado about Nothing*, and combined with the similar diction, and the simultaneous entry of the two plays in the Register, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the two plays were written at no great distance of time apart from each other: it is perhaps 'to enquire too curiously' which preceded the other, but either the latter part of 1599 or the beginning of 1600 may be set down as the probable date of composition of *As You Like It*.

THE TEXT

No quarto edition of *As You Like It* exists: as has already been said the issue of one seems to have been contemplated, but the note 'to be stayed'—whatever its reasons may have been—appears to have been effective enough in this instance. The play first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed between the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Taming of the Shrew*. With practically one exception editors agree in regarding the text as unusually satisfactory in the famous edition of Heminge and Condell: and as this one exception produces nothing of any consequence to support his opinion, the reliability of the Folio version may be admitted. Such inaccuracies as 'Juno's swans,' the confusion between the statutes of Rosalind and Celia, must be attributed rather to the author than the printer: while the ambiguity of time is merely an instance of a device which

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Shakespeare has freely availed himself of, namely, that of 'double time.'

SOURCE

The plot of *As You Like It* is taken from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which as its sub-title 'Euphues and his golden legacy' indicates, was written at a time when Euphuism was still rampant, and the name of the verbose hero was still a valuable asset. Pastoral sweetness and melodramatic action are blended together in this novel. Rosader, on account of his excellent parts and his large possessions, is hated by his brother Saladyne; the latter persuades him to wrestle at the court, hoping he will be killed. He comes off victor, however, and falls in love with Rosalynde. Returning home to his brother, he is subjected to many indignities, and eventually flies to the forest of Arden. Thither also have gone Rosalynde, disguised as a page, under the name of Ganymede, and Alinda, now known as Aliena, the daughter of the usurper who is in power, both having been banished. Rosader meets Ganymede, and there is much discussion between them on the subject of love. He is persuaded to undergo a mock-marriage with her, and, eventually all is revealed and is consummated in their marriage. Saladyne comes to the forest, exiled by the usurper, falls in love with and marries Aliena, after having been rescued from a lion by his brother and repented. A shepherd, Montanus, is in love with a shepherdess, Phœbe, who despairs him, but falls in love with Ganymede, and finding out the personality of the latter, marries her devoted admirer.

The true king is also in the forest, and happily witnesses the marriage of Rosader and Rosalynde: after which an army of the usurper comes to attack him, but is repulsed by his noble friends, and the king enjoys his own again.

Here then is the outline of all the various stories that combine to form the plot of *As You Like It*.

The characters of Jacques, Touchstone, William and Audrey are Shakespeare's independent creations. There are also several differences between novel and play, of which the following may be mentioned.

(1) In the play, Orlando is hated by his brother for his excell-

As You Like It.

lence and manliness, while in the novel, greed is made to play a stronger part.

(2) In the novel, Rosader is congratulated by the usurper on his success, and there is no marring note as there is in the play. He proceeds home with many boon companions, and resides there some time before proceeding to Arden.

(3) In the novel Alinda is banished by her father; in the play she voluntarily accompanies her friend.

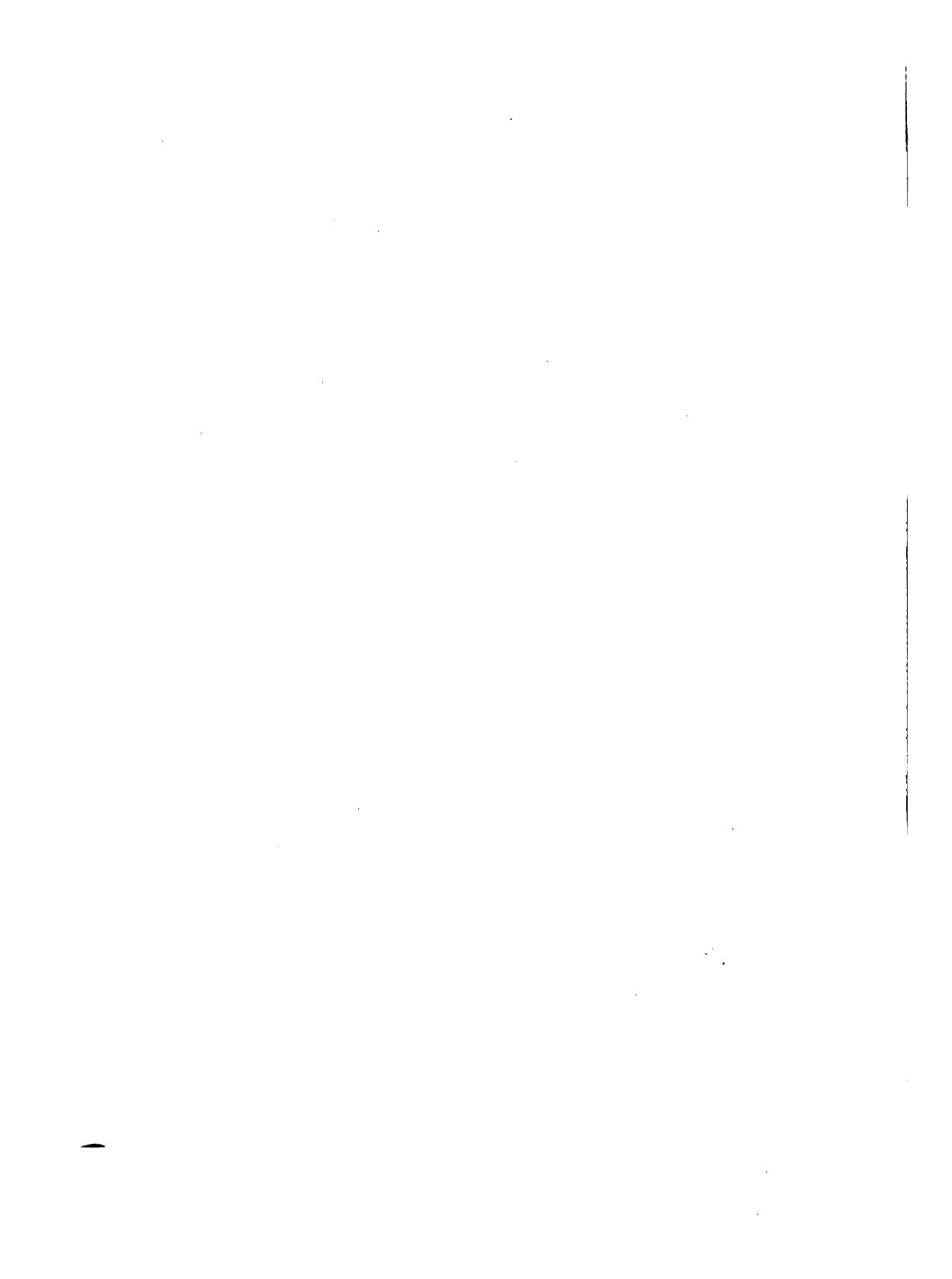
(4) The treatment of the forest scenes is almost radically different. In the play anything that may mar the pastoral harmony is dismissed; thus the attack of robbers on Alien and Ganymede is not alluded to: while the fight at the end is avoided by the sudden repentance of the usurping duke. In the love-scenes between Orlando and Rosalynde, wit and humour, with an undercurrent of tenderness, are the prevailing note: in the novel these scenes are abundantly strewed with eclogues, and the conversation is of an entirely artificial turn, elaborate in simile with but little humour. In the play, the courtship of Oliver and Celia is rapidly passed over: in the novel it is given at much greater length.

For a more detailed comparison of the source and play, as well as for the text itself of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the reader must be referred to Mr. W. W. Greg's edition in the 'Shakespeare Classics.'

As You Like It is essentially one of the 'joyous comedies' which may be grouped with *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night*. It is, in fact, the one to which this application is specially fit. In both of the other two plays of the group, sadness and even despair reigns at least for a time. In *As You Like It*, the forest of Arden seems magically to dispel the thoughts of adversity and misfortune, and a cheerful optimism, which cheerily rises above hardship and injustice, is the key-note of the play. The leading characters require no comment: Rosalind's only fault is that the prominence afforded her by the poet causes Celia to be dwarfed; a fact which readers who have been led to take a lively interest in her in the early part of the play can only regret. Her marriage with Oliver is one of the worst instances in Shakespeare of an artificial and conventional completion of a portrait which has been begun with so much promise. Jacques is an original

Introduction.

conception of the poet : he cannot be said to be a very pleasing one. The famous 'seven ages' speech is justly admired ; but it is rather for the language than the sentiments that this admiration is justified. Jacques is full of cheap cynical philosophy, which he is wholly unable to maintain when he meets with any one 'disputable' : he perhaps approximates to the type of railer familiar to readers of early Jonsonian comedy. In the play he forms a useful foil to the manly cheerfulness of Orlando, and the happy contentedness of Rosalind, and each of these easily succeeds in putting him down, while he is a capital vehicle for the poet to express some good-natured satire on some of the foibles of the Elizabethan gallant. Touchstone is, perhaps, the first line of demarcation in the various stages of Shakespeare's clowns which may be traced in the change from Launcelot Speed to the sorrowful fool of *King Lear* : his devotion to his mistress endears us to him, while his fooling of the shepherd, and his famous divisions of the lie are genuinely humorous, and do more than make only the groundlings laugh.



[not in F.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

[The References are to 1st Speeches in each Scene. When an Actor is mute, the Scene in which he appears is given.]

Duke Senior, *living in banishment*, II.i.2, p. 27; vii.1, p. 28; V.iv.2, p. 73.

Duke FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*, I.ii.136, p. 9; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.i.1, p. 34.

AMYENS (or AMIENS), II.i.28, p. 17; v.1, p. 25; vii.1, p. 23; as a Mute, V.iv. p. 73. } Lords attending on the banished Duke.

JAQUES, II.v.9, p. 25; vii.2, p. 28; III.ii.241, p. 41; III.ii.7, p. 46; IV.i.9, p. 54; II.1, p. 60; V.iv.35, p. 74. }

1st Lord, II.i.25, p. 18; vii.3, p. 28; 2nd Lord, II.i.65, p. 19; A Lord, IV.ii.2, p. 60. } attending on the banished Duke.

1st Page, V.iii.6, p. 71; 2nd Page, V.iii.8, p. 71.

LE BEU, *a Courtier attending upon FREDERICK*, I.ii.90, p. 8.

1st Lord, attending on FREDERICK, II.ii.4, p. 19; 2nd Lord, of like estate, II.ii.8, p. 19.

CHARLES, Duke FREDERICK'S Wrangler, I.i.87, p. 3; II.183, p. 10.

OLIWER, II.i.27, p. 2; III.i.13, p. 34; IV.iii.75, p. 63; V.ii.5, p. 68. }

JAQUES, V.iv.144, p. 77.

ORLANDO, I.i.1, p. 1; II.153, p. 9; II.iii.1, p. 20; vi.4, p. 27; vii.88, p. 30; III.ii.1, p. 34; IV.i.27, p. 55; V.ii.1, p. 68; iv.3, p. 73. } Sons of Sir ROWLAND de BOYS.

ADAM, II.i.24, p. 1; II.iii.2, p. 20; vi.1, p. 27; vii.168, p. 33. } Servants to OLIWER.

DENNIS, II.180, p. 3.

A Clowne or Motley, named TOUCHSTONE, I.ii.53, p. 7; II.iv.2, p. 22; III.ii.12, p. 35; iii.1, p. 46; V.i.1, p. 66; iii.1, p. 71; iv.38, p. 74.

Sir OLIWER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar, III.iii.60, p. 47.

CORIN, *an old man*, II.iv.19, p. 23; III.ii.21, p. 35; iv.42, p. 50; V.i.57, p. 67; as a Mute, III.v. p. 50. }

SILVIUS, *a yong man, In loue with PHEBE*, II.iv.20, p. 23; III.v.1, p. 50; IV.iii.6, p. 61; V.ii.78, p. 70; iv.17, p. 73. }

WILLIAM, *a country Clowne, In loue with AUDREY*, V.i.13, p. 66.

An Actor, presenting HYMEN, V.iv.101, p. 76.

¹ The heading of the Dramatis Personae in *How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad*.—Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 4.

Persons Represented.

ROSALIND (or **ROSALINE**), daughter to the banished Duke, I.ii.2, p. 5; III.3, p. 13; for **GANYMEDE**, II.IV.1, p. 22; III.II.8, p. 37; IV.1, p. 48; V. 35, p. 51; IV.I.3, p. 54; III.1, p. 61; V.II.17, p. 68; IV.5, p. 73.

CELIA, daughter to **FREDERICK**, I.II.1, p. 5; III.1, p. 13; for **ALIENA**, II.IV.8, p. 22; III.II.18, p. 38; IV.2, p. 48; IV.I.60, p. 56; III.3, p. 61; as a Mute, III.V. p. 50; V.IV. p. 76.

PHEBE, a Shepherdesse, beloved by **SILVIUS**, III.V.8, p. 50; V.II.78, p. 70; IV.12, p. 73.

AUDREY (or **AWDRIE**), a country Wench, III.III.4, p. 46; V.I.3, p. 66; as a Mute, V.IV. p. 74.

The Scenes supposed. Oliuers orchard, I.i. pp. 1-5: Before Oliners house, II.III. pp. 20-22: Before Duke Fredericks palace, I.II. pp. 5-13: Duke Fredericks palace, I.III. pp. 13-17; II.II. pp. 19, 20; III.I. p. 34: The forest of Arden, II.I. pp. 17-19; IV-VII. pp. 22-33; III.II.—V.IV. pp. 34-78.

The Time¹ embraced by the Play cannot be ascertained, the Interim between scenes II. and III., in Act III., being of Indefinite duration. 10 Days are represented on the Stage, and 8 Interims elapse.

Day 1, I.i. pp. 1-5: Day 2, I.III. pp. 5-17; II.I. pp. 17-19: Day 3, II.II.III. pp. 19-22: *Interim of a few days*: Day 4, II.IV. pp. 22-25: Day 5, II.V.VI.VII.; III.I. pp. 25-34: *Interim of a few days*: Day 6, III.II. pp. 34-45: *Interim*: Day 7, III.III. pp. 46-48: Day 8, III.IV.V.; IV.; V.I. pp. 48-67: Day 9, V.II.III. pp. 68-72: Day 10, V.IV. pp. 73-78.

¹ We throw sc. iii. Act II., and sc. i. Act III. into Days 3 and 5 respectively, because the distance between the Duke's palace and Oliver's house may have been too great to allow Orlando to reach home before Day 3, the day after the wrestling-match, and for Oliver—sent for on Day 3—to arrive at the court before Day 5. Mr. Daniel bracketed these scenes under Days 2 and 3 respectively, as being out of place. For the rest, we follow his Time-Analysis in the *New Sh. Soc.'s Transactions*, 1877-79, pp. 156-162.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (*Clarendon* or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

In the Notes 'F' means the First Folio of 1623, from which the text is edited. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When *-ed* final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ē.

As You Like It

[From the First Folio of 1623.]



As you Like it.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

OLIUEBS Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orlando.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion: **M**y Father bequeathed me by will but poore a thousand Crownes; and, as thou saist, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed mee well: and there begins [4 my fadnesse. **M**y brother *Iaques*, he keepes at icroole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staiers me heere at home vnkept; for call you that 'keeping' [8 for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and, to that end, Riders deereley hir'd: but I (his [12 brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that Nature gaue mee, his countenance feemes to [16 take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieues me; and the spirit of my Father, which I [20 thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife remedy how to auoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother. 24

Orlan. Goe a-part, *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp!

[ADAM draws back.]

1, 2. *fashion*: *My Father*] fashion; my father Heath conj. fashion F.

As you like it.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, Sir! what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to 'make' any thing. 28

Oli. What mar you then, fir?

Orl. Marry, fir, I am helping you to 'mar' that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours, with idlenesse.

Oliver. Marry, fir, be better employed, and be naught a while! 33

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? What prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury? 36

Oli. Know you where you are, fir?

Orl. O, fir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, fir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee. I [40 know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of bloud, you should so know me. The courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne; but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there [44 twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my Father in mee as you; albeit, I confess, your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What, Boy!

48

Orl. Come, come, elder brother! you are too yong in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villaine?

[*ORL. seizes him by the throat.*

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my Father; and he is thrice a [52 villaine that faies such a Father begot villaines! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so: thou haft raid on thy selfe. 56

Adam. [coming forward] Sweet Masters, bee patient! for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord!

Oli. Let me goe, I say!

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall heare mee! [60 My Father charg'd you in his will to give me good education:

26. *Enter Oliver.* F (after l. 23).

As you like it.

you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: [64 therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament! With that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? [68 Well, sir, get you in! I will not long be troubled with you; you shall haue some part of your will: I pray you, leaue me!

Orl. I will no further offend you then becomes mee for my good. 72

Oli. [to **ADAM**] Get you with him, you olde dogge!

Adam. Is 'old dogge' my reward? Most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice. God be with my olde master! he would not haue spoke such a word. *[Ex. Orl. and Ad.* 76

Oli. Is it euen so? Begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyficke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther. Holla, *Dennis*!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship? 80

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Dukes Wraftler, heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceſſe to you. 84

Oli. Call him in! *[Exit DENNIS.]* 'Twill be a good way; and to morrow the wraftling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship! 87

Oli. Good Mounfier *Charles*, what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court, Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke; and three or foure louing Lords [92 haue put themſelues into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the Dukes daughter, bee banished with her Father? 97

As you like it.

Cha. O, no! for the Dukes daughter, her Cosen, so loues her, (being euer from their Cradles bred together,) that ~~shee~~ would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vnkle [101 then his owne daughter; and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like [106 the old *Robin Hood of England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelesly, as they did in the golden world. 109

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, doe I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am giuen, sir, secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother, *Orlando*, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall. To morrow, sir, I [114 wrastle for my credit; and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shal acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your loue, I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must, for my owne honour, if hee [118 come in: therefore, out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into; in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will. 123

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite. I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpse heerein, and haue by vnder-hand [126 meanes laboured to diswade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee, *Charles*: it is the stubbornewt yong fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an eniuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee [130 his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger! And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee [134 will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some

99. *shee*] F3. *hee* F.

As you like it.

treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other ; for, I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it,) there is not one so young, [138 and so villanous, this day liuing ! I speake but brotherly of him ; but shoulde I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder. 141

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment ! if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more : and so, God keepe your worship ! [Exit. 145

Oli. Farewell, good *Charles* ! Now will I stirre this Gamester ! I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he. Yet hee's gentle ; neuer school'd, and yet learned ; full of noble deuise ; of all sorts enchantingly beloued ; and, indeed, so much in the [150 heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised ! But it shall not be so long ! this wrastler shall cleare all ! Nothing remaines but that I kindle the boy thither ; which now Ile goe about.

[Exit.]

Actus Primus. Scœna Secunda

Lawn before the DUKES Palace.

Enter ROSALIND, and CELLLIA.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry ! 1

Rof. Deere *Cellia*, I shew more mirth then I am mistrefe of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? Vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 5

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee. If my Vnkle, thy banished father, had banished thy Vnkle, the Duke my Father, so thou hadst [8 beene still with mee ; I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine : so wouldest thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 11

3. *J*] Rowe (ed. 2).

As you like it.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe but I, nor none is like to haue: and, truely, when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father [16 perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor, I will! and, when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster! therefore, my sweet *Rofe*, my deare *Rofe*, be merry!

20

Rof. From henceforth I will, Coz; and deuise sports. Let me see: what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry, I prethee, doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neyther, then (with safety of a pure blush) thou maist in honor come off againe.

26

Rof. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let vs fit and mocke the good houswife, Fortune, from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

30

Rof. I would wee could doe so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

33

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest; & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly.

36

Rof. Nay, now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

39

Enter Clowne (TOUCHSTONE).

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argumeit?

43

Rof. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Natures naturall the cutter off of Natures witte.

46

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiuth our naturall wits too dull to reason

As you like it.

of such goddeses, and hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone; for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole is the whetstone of the wits. ¶ How now, Witte! whether wander you?

52

Clo. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honor! but I was bid to come for you.

Rof. Where learned you that oath, foole?

56

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now, Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good; and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

61

Cel. How proue you that, in the great heape of your knowledge?

Rof. I, marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome!

64

Clo. Stand you both forth, now: stroke your chинnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue!

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

67

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were; but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or, if he had, he had sworne it away before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

72

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke*, your Father, loues.

Cel. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him: enough! speake no more of him! you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

77

Clo. The more pittie, that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou faiest true; for, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wife men haue makes a great shew. Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu!*¹

83

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

49. and] Malone.

53. father] farher F.

75. Cel.] Theobald. Ros. F.

1 So F. *Le Beu* F2.

As you like it.

Rof. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better; we shalbe the more Marketable. 88

Enter Le Beau.

¶ *Bon-iour, Monsieur le Beau!* what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princeffe, you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. 'Sport'! of what colour?

Le Beu. 'What colour,' Madame! How shall I aunswyer you? 93

Rof. As wit and Fortune will.

Clo. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said! that was laid on with a trowell. 96

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke, . . .

Rof. Thou lookest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, Ladies! I would haue told you of good wraftling, which you haue lost the sight of. 100

Rof. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraftling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to doe; and heere, where you are, they are comming to performe it. 105

Cel. Well, 'the beginning,' that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons, . . .

Cel. I could match this 'beginning' with an old tale. 108

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and prefence.

Rof. With bils on their neckes: 'Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.' 112

Le Beu. The eldest of the three wraftled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraftler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third. Yonder [116 they lie; the poore old man, their Father, making such pittifull dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas!

Clo. But what is the 'sport,' Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

88. *Enter Le Beau.*] F (after l. 83).

89. *Bon-iour*] *Buon-iour* F.

As you like it.

Le Beu. Why, this that I speake of.

123

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was 'sport' for Ladies.

126

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his fides ? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking ? ¶ Shall we see this wraftling, Cosin ?

130

Le Beu. You must, if you stey heere ; for heere is the place appointed for the wraftling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are comming. Let vs now stey and see it !

135

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on ! since the youth will not be intreated, his owne perill on his forwardnesse !

Rof. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.

139

Cel. Alas, he is too yong ! yet he looks successfully.

Du. F. How now, daughter, and Coufin ! are you crept hither to see the wraftling ?

Rof. I, my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

143

Du. F. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you ; there is such oddes in the man. In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him, Ladies ! see if you can mooue him.

148

Cel. Call him hether, good Monsieur *Le Beu* !

Duke F. Do so ! Ile not be by. [DUKE goes apart.

Le Beu. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you !

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

153

Rof. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraftler ?

Orl. No, faire Princeesse ; he is the generall challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

157

As you like it.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares. You haue seene cruell prooef of this mans strength: if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counfel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you, for [162 your owne sake, to embrase your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Rof. Do, yong Sir! your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wraffling might not go forward. 167

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts; wherein I confesse me much guiltie, to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire [170 eies, and gentle wishes, go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious; if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament [174 me; the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing; onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied when I haue made it emptie. 177

Rof. The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you! 177

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers!

Rof. Fare you well: praei haauen I be deceiu'd in you!

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you! 182

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 186

Duk. F. You shall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a seconf, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies! 191

Rof. Now *Hercules* be thy speede, yong man!

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge! [Wraffle. 194

Rof. Oh excellent yong man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. [CHARLES Is thrown. Shout.

As you like it.

Duk. F. No more, no more! 198

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well
breath'd. 200

Duk. F. How do'st thou, *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot speake, my Lord.

Duk. F. Beare him awaie! [CHARLES is borne out.

¶ What is thy name, yong man?

Orl. Orlando, my Liege; the yongest sonne of Sir Roland
de Boys. 204

Duk. F. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou shouldest haue better pleasd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descended from another house. 209
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou had'ft told me of another Father!

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*

Cel. Were I my Father, (Coze,) would I do this?

(*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, 213
His yongest sonne; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heire to *Fredericke*.)

Rof. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde: 217
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd!

Cel. Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him! 221
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
Sticks me at heart. ¶ Sir, you haue well deseru'd:
If you doe keepe your promises in loue
But iustly, as you haue exceeded all promise, 225
Your Mistris shall be happie!

Rof. Gentleman,
[*Throwing a chain from off her neck round his.*
Weare this for me (one out of suites with Fortune)
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes! 228
¶ Shall we goe, Coze?

211. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit Duke. F. 215. *Fredericke*] Fredricke F.

As you like it.

Cel.

I. ¶ Fare you well, faire Gentleman! 229

[*Ros. & Cel. turn to go.*

Orl. Can I not say, 'I thanke you'? My better parts
Are all throwne downe; and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere lieuelesse blocke.

Rof. He calis vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes; 233
Ile aske him what he would. ¶ Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you haue wrafted well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel.

Will you goe, Coze?

Rof. Haue with you! ¶ Fare you well!

237

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and Clown.*

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpon my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.
O poore *Orlando*, thou art ouerthrowne!
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

241

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place. Albeit you haue deseru'd
High commendation, true applaufe, and loue,
Yet such is now the Dukes conditiōn, 245
That he misconfusters all that you haue done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeede,
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this! 249
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraftling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners;
But yet, indeede, the taller¹ is his daughter: 253
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle,
To keepe his daughter companie; whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters. 257
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece;
Grounded vpon no other argument,

237. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit F. | ¹ really 'shorter': see I. iii. 110,

241. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Le | p. 16.
Beu. F (after l. 239).
I. ii. 229-260.]

As you like it.

But that the people praise her for her vertues, 261
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth ! Sir, fare you well !
Hereafter, in a better world then this, 265
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoake into the smother ;
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother. 269
But heauenly *Rosaline* ! [*Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

A Room In the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALINE.

Cel. Why, Cosen ! why, *Rosaline* ! *Cupid* haue mercie !
Not a word ?

Rof. Not one to throw at a dog. 3

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon
curs ; throw some of them at me ! come, lame mee with
reasons ! 6

Rof. Then there were two Cosenes laid vp ; when the one
should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father ? 9

Rof. No, some of it is for my childe's Father.¹ Oh, how
full of briers is this working day world ! 11

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, thrownne vpon thee in holi-
day foolerie : if we walke not in the trodden paths, our very
petty-coates will catch them.

Rof. I could shake them off my coate : these burs are in
my heart. 16

Cel. Hem them away !

Rof. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections !

Scena Tertia.] Scena Tertia. F. | stood) was thinking of Orlando.
¹ *So F. She (Theobald under- | father's child Rowe.*

As you like it.

Rof. O, they take the part of a better wraffler then my selfe! 21

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you! you will trie in time, in dispight of a fall. But, turning these iests out of seruice, let vs talke in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sodaine, [24 you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongest sonne?

Rof. The Duke, my Father, lou'd his Father deerelie. 27

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I shoulde hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Rof. No, faith, hate him not, for my fake!

Cel. Why shoulde I not? doth he not deserue well? 32

Rof. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him because I doe! Looke, here comes the Duke!

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duk. F. [to *Ros.*] Mistris, dispatch you with your safest hafte, 36

And get you from our Court!

Rof. Me, Vnkle?

Duk. F. You, Cosen:

Within these ten daies if that thou beest found So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, Thou diest for it!

Rof. I doe beseech your Grace, 40
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me!
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires;
If that I doe not dreame, or be not frantick,
(As I doe trust I am not,) then, deere Vnkle, 44
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse!

Duk. F. Thus doe all Traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words, 48
They are as innocent as grace it selfe:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not!

35. *Enter . . . Lords.*] Enter . . . Lords. F (after l. 32).

As you like it.

Rof. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor :
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends ! 52

Duk. F. Thou art thy Fathers daughter ; there's enough.
Rof. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome ;
So was I when your highneffe banisht him :
Treason is not inherited, my Lord ; 56
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my Father was no Traitor :
Then, good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous ! 60

Cel. Deere Soueraigne, heare me speake !
Duk. F. I, *Celia* ; we staid her for your sake ;
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay ; 64
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse :
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a Traitor,
Why, so am I ! we still haue slept together,
Rofe at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together ; 68
And wheresoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duk. F. She is too subtile for thee ; and her smoothnes, 72
Her verie silence, and her patiēnce,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her.
Thou art a foole ! she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt shew more bright, & seem more vertuous, 76
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firme and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue paſt vpon her : she is banish'd !

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Leige ! 80
I cannot liue out of her compagnie.

Duk. F. You are a foole ! ¶ You, Neice, prouide your ſelfe !
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die ! 84
[*Exeunt DUKE, &c.*

Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe ?
Wilt thou change Fathers ? I will giue thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

73. *her*] per F.

84. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit . . . F.

As you like it.

<i>Rof.</i> I haue more cause.		
<i>Cel.</i>	Thou haft not, Cosen ;	88
Prethee, be cheerefull ! know'ft thou not, the Duke Hath banisht me, his daughter ?		
<i>Rof.</i>	That he hath not.	
<i>Cel.</i> No ? hath not ? <i>Rosaline</i> lacks then the loue Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one : Shall we be funderd ? shall we part, sweete girlie ?	92	
No ! let my Father seeke another heire ! Therefore deuise with me how we may flie, Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs :	96	
And doe not seeke to take your change ¹ vpon you, To beare your grieves your selfe, and leaue me out ; For, by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale, Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee !	100	
<i>Rof.</i> Why, whether shall we goe ?		
<i>Cel.</i> To seeke my Vnkle in the Forrest of Arden.		
<i>Rof.</i> Alas, what danger will it be to vs (Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre ! Beautie prouoketh theeues, sooner then gold.	104	
<i>Cel.</i> Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kinde of vmbre smirch my face ; The like, doe you : so shall we passe along, And neuer stir affailants.	108	
<i>Rof.</i> Were it not better (Because that I am more then common tall) That I did suite me all points like a man ?		
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh, A bore-speare in my hand ; and, (in my heart Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,) Weele haue a fwashing and a marshall outisde ; As manie other mannish cowards haue,	112	
That doe outface it with their semblances.		116
<i>Cel.</i> What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?		
<i>Rof.</i> Ile haue no worfe a name then <i>Ioues</i> owne Page ; And therefore looke you call me ' <i>Ganimed</i> . '	120	
But what will you be call'd ?		
<i>Cel.</i> Something that hath a reference to my state :		

¹ change (sc.) of Fortune. charge F2. 121. be] by F.

As you like it.

No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Rof. But, Cofen, what if we affaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court? 124
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me;
Leaue me alone to woe¹ him! Let's away, 128
And get our Iewels and our wealth together;
Deuise the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide vs from purſuite that will be made
After my flight! Now goe we in content,
To libertie, and not to baniſhment! [Exeunt. 133]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

The Forrest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMYENS, and two or three Lords,
like Forresters.*

Duk. Sen. Now, my Coe-nates and brothers in exile, 1
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the eniuious Court? 4
Heere feele we but the penaltie of *Adam*,
The ſeafons diſference; as, the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body, 8
Euen till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
'This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am: '
Sweet are the vſes of aduerſitie, 12
Which, like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookeſ in the running brookeſ, 16
Sermons in ſtones, and good in euery thing!
I would not change it.

Amien. Happy is your Grace,

¹ *woe* = *wooe*.

132. *we in*] F2. in we F.

5. *but*] Theobald. not F.

18. *I would not change it.*

Amien. *Happy*] Dyce (Upton
conj.). Amien. I would not
change it, happy F.

[I. iii. 123-133; II. 1. 1-18.

As you like it.

That can translate the stubbornesse of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

20

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me, the poore dapled fooles
(Being natuie Burgers of this desert City)
Should, in their owne confines, with forkēd heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

24

i. Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that;
And, in that kinde, sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you. 28
To day, my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him, as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose ánticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood. 32
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
(That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt)
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes,
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole, 40
Much markēd of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

36

40

44

Du. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

48

i. Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
'Poore Deere!' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too much: ' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: ' anon a carelesse Heard,
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him,
And neuer staies to greet him; 'I,' quoth *Iaques*,

52

49. *much*] F2. *must* F.

50. *friends*] Rowe. *friend* F.

As you like it.

'Sweepe on, you fat and greazie Citizens !
'Tis iust the fashion : wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there ?' 56
Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of the Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp,
In their affign'd and natvie dwelling place. 60
D. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation ? 64
2. Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.
Du. Sen. Show me the place !
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter. 68
1. Lor. Ile bring you to him strait. [Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

A Room In the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duk. F. Can it be poossible that no man saw them ? 1
It cannot be ! some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her. 4
The Ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.
2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft, 8
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also misfing.
Hisperia, the Princeſſe Gentlewoman,
Confesseſſ, that ſhe ſecrely ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler¹ 12
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles* ;

59. *the*] F₂. 10. *Gentlewoman*] Gentlewoman F.
¹ *Wrast(e)ler* is here made three syllables.

As you like it.

And she beleeues, where euer they are gone,
That youth is surely in their companie.

16

Duk. F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither !
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me ;
Ile make him finde him ! do this sodainly !
And let not search and inquisition quale,
To bring againe these foolish runawaines !

20

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Before Oliuers House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there ?

1

Ad. What, my yong Master ? Oh my gentle master !

Oh my sweet master ! O you memorie

4

Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?

Why are you vertuous ? Why do people loue you ?

And wherefore are you gentle, stong, and valiant ?

Why would you be so fond, to ouercome

8

The bonie priser of the humorous Duke ?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, Master, to some kinde of men,

Their graces serue them but as enemies ?

No more doe yours : your vertues, gentle Master,

12

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely

Enuenoms him that beares it !

Orl. Why, what's the matter ?

Ad.

O vnhappie youth,

16

Come not within these doores ! within this roofe

The enemie of all your graces liues :

Your brother (no, no brother ! yet the sonne . . .

Yet not the son, I will not call him son

20

Of him I was about to call his Father)

21. *Exeunt.*] Exunt F. | bonnie F.

8. *bonie*] boney Warburton. | 10. *some*] seeme F

II. ii. 15-21; iii. 1-21.] 20

As you like it.

Hath heard your praises ; and this night he meanes
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it : if he faile of that, 24
He will haue other meanes to cut you off :
I ouerheard him, and his practises.
This is no place ; this house is but a butcherie :
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it ! 28

Orl. Why, whether, *Adam*, would'ft thou haue me go ?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What ! would'ft thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or, with a base and boistrous Sword, enforce 32
A theeuish liuing on the common rode ?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subiect me to the malice 36
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so ! I haue fие hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I saued vnder your Father,
Which I did store, to be my foster Nurse, 40
When seruice shoule in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne :
Take that ! and He that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea, prouidently caters for the Sparrow, 44
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I giue you ! Let me be your seruant !
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie ;
For in my youth I newer did apply 48
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud ;
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,¹
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie ;
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter, 52
Frostie, but kindly : let me goe with you !
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man,
In all your businesse and neceſſities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede !
Thou art not for the fashion of theſe times, 56

29. *Orl.*] Ad. F.

¹ *woe* = *wooe* F.

As you like it.

Where none will sweate, but for promotiön ;	60
And, hauing that, do choake their seruice vp,	
Euen with the hauing : it is not so with thee.	
But, poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,	64
That cannot ſo much as a blosſome yelde,	
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie.	
But come thy waies, weeble goe along together ;	
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,	
Weeble light vpon ſome ſetled low content.	68
<i>Ad.</i> Master, goe on, and I will follow thee,	
To the laſt gaspe, with truth and loyaltie !	70
From ſeauentene yeeres till now almoſt foureſcore,	
Here liued I, but now liue here no more.	72
At ſeauentene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeke ;	
But, at foureſcore, it is too late a weeke :	74
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,	
Then to die well, and not my Maſters debter. [Exeunt. 76]	

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

The Forrest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALINE for GANIMED, CELIA for ALIENA, and
Clowne, alias TOUCHSTONE.*

Rof. O *Jupiter*, how weary are my ſpirits !

Clo. I care not for my 'ſpirits', if my legges were not
wearie. 3

Rof. I could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman ; but I muſt comfort the weaker vefſell, as doublet and hofe ought to ſhow it ſelfe coragious to petty-coate : therefore, courage, good *Aliena* ! 7

Cel. I pray you, beare with me ! I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather 'beare' with you, then beare you : yet I ſhould beare no croſſe, if I did beare you ; for I thinke you haue no money in your purſe. 11

Rof. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

71. ſeauentene] ſeventeen Rowe. | 1. weary] Theobald (Warburton). merry F.

As you like it.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*: the more foole I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but Trauellers must be content. 15

Rof. I, be so, good *Touch/zone*!

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here! a yong man, and an old, in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still. 19

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her!

Cor. I partly gueffe; for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou canst not gueffe,

Though in thy youth thou waft as true a louer

23

As euer figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,

(As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so,)

How many actions most ridiculous,

27

Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh, thou didst then nere loue so hartily!

If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly

31

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou haft not lou'd!

Or if thou haft not sat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praiise,

35

Thou haft not lou'd!

Or if thou haft not broke from companie,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou haft not lou'd!

O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe*!

39 *[Exit.*

(Rof. Alas, poore Shepheard! searching of *thy* wound,
I haue (by hard aduenture) found mine owne. 42

Clo. And I mine. I remember, when I was in loue, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Jane Smile*: and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt [46 hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod

16. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 15). | 41. *thy wound*] Rowe. they
30. *nere*] ne'er Rowe. neuer F. | would F.

As you like it.

instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and, giuing her them againe, said with weeping teares, 'Weare these for my sake!' 'Wee, that are true Louers, runne into strange [50 capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Rof. Thou speak'st wieler then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it. 55

Rof. *Ioue, Ioue!* this Shepherds passiōn
Is much vpon my fashion. 57

Clo. And mine; but it growes something stale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode: 60
I faint almost to death.)

Clo. Holla, you Clowne!

Rof. Peace, foole! he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Rof. Peace, I say! ¶ Good euen to you, friend! 64

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all!

Rof. I prethee, Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed! 68
Here's a yong maid, with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish, for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her; 72
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes¹ to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitalitie: 76
Besides, his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede,
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but, what is, come see,

64. *you*] your F.

¹ recks, cares.

As you like it.

And in my voice, most welcome shall you be !	82
<i>Rof.</i> What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture ?	
<i>Cor.</i> That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile, That little cares for buying any thing.	85
<i>Rof.</i> I pray thee, if it stand with honestie, Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke !	
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.	88
<i>Cel.</i> And we will mend thy wages. I like this place, And willingly could waste my time in it.	
<i>Cor.</i> Assuredly the thing is to be sold : Go with me ! if you like, vpon report,	92
The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life, I will your very faithfull Feeder be, And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.	
	[<i>Exeunt.</i> 95]

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter AMYENS, IAQUES, &c others.

Song.

<i>Amyens.</i> Under the greene wood tree, who loues to lye with mee,	2
And turne his merrie Note vnto the sweet Birds throte,	
Come hither ! come hither ! come hither !	4
Heere shall he see No enemie,	
But Winter and rough Weather.	8

Iaq. More, more ! *Lprethee*, more !

Amy. It will make you melancholly, Monsieur *Iaques*.

Iaq. I thanke it. More, I prethee, more ! I can fucke
melancholly out of a fong, as a Weazel fuckes egges. More,
I prethee, more !

13

Amy. My voice is ragged : I know I cannot please you !

Iaq. I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to
fing. Come, more ! another stanzo ! Cal you'em 'stanzo's' ?

3. *turne*] turne (turned *u*) F. tune Rowe (ed. 2).

As you like it.

Amy. What you wil, Monsieur *Iaques*. 17

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe. 20

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the [24 beggerly thankes. Come, sing! ¶ and you that wil not, hold your tongues!

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. ¶ Sirs, couer the while! the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree. ¶ He hath bin all this day to looke you. 29

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him. He is too disputeable for my companie: I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come! 33

Song.

[*Altogether heere.*

Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne; 35
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets, 37
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Heere shall he see, &c.

Iaq. Ile give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention. 41

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Iaq. Thus it goes: [*The rest gather round him.*

If it do come to passe,
That any man turne Affe, 45
Leauing his wealth and eafe,
A stubborne will to please, 47
Ducdamè, ducdamè, ducdamè!
Heere shall he see
Groffe fooles as he,
And if he will come to me. 51

43. *Iaq.*] *Amy.* F.

As you like it.

Amy. What's that 'Ducdamè'?

Iaq. 'Tis a *Greeke* inuocation, to call fools into a circle.
Ile go sleepe, if I can; if I cannot, Ile raile against all the
first borne of *Egypt*.
55

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Sexta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO & ADAM.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further! O, I die for
food! Heere lie I downe, and measure out my graue.
Farwel, kinde master!

Orl. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in [4
thee? Liue a little! comfort a little! cheere thy selfe a
little! If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage, I wil
either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee. Thy con-
ceite is neerer death, then thy powers. For my sake be [8
comfortable! hold death a while at the armes end! I wil
heere be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not some-
thing to eate, I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Wel said!¹
thou look'ft cheerely, and Ile be with thee quickly. Yet [13
thou liest in the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee to some
shelter; and thou shalt not die for lacke of a dinner, if there
liue any thing in this Desert. Cheerely, good *Adam!*
16
[*Exit, bearing ADAM.*]

¹ *Wel said* — Well done, that's
right. Cf., e. g., *Ant.* & *Cleo.*
IV. iv. 28.

As you like it.

Actus Secundus. Scena Septima.

*Another part of the Forrest (the same as In Sc. v.).
A Table set out.*

Enter DUKE Sen., AMIENS, & Lords, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast; 1
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

i. Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence:
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song. 4

Du. Sen. If he, compact of iarres, grow Musicall,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares.
Go feele him! tell him I would speake with him!

Enter Iaques.

i. Lord. He faues my labor by his owne approach. 8

Du. Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poore friends must woe¹ your companie?
What, you looke merrily!

Iaq. A Foole, a foole! I met a foole i'th Forrest, 12
A motley Foole; (a miserable world!)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes, 16
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
'Good morrow, foole!' (quoth I.) 'No, Sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune!'
And then he drew a diall from his poake, 20
And, looking on it with lache-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wifely, 'It is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee' (quoth he) 'how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe since it was nine, 24
And, after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen;
And so, from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from houre to houre, we rot, and rot;

Lords] Lord F.
IL vii. 1-27.]

¹ *woe* = *wooe*.

As you like it.

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did heare 28
The motley Foole thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue ;
And I did laugh, fans intermission, 32
An houre by his diall. Oh, noble foole !
A worthy foole ! Motley's the onely weare !

Du. Sen. What foole is this ?

Iaq. O worthie Foole ! One that hath bin a Courtier, 36
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it : and in his braine,
(Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,) he hath strange places cram'd
With obseruation, the which he vents 40
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite ; 44
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes rauke in them,
That I am wife. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please ; for so fooles haue : 48
And they that are most gauléd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, fir, must they so ?
The 'why' is plaine as way to Parish Church . 52
Hee, that a Foole doth (very wisely) hit,
Doth (very foolishly, although he smart)
Seeme senselesse of the bob ; if not,
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole. 56
Inuest me in my motley ! Giue me leaue
To speake my minde ! and I will through and through
Cleanfe the foule bodie of th'infected world, 60
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good ?

Du. Sen. Most mischeuous foule sin, in chiding sin : 64

38. *braine*] braiue (turned *n*) F. 48. *Withall*] Wiithall F.

64. *sin*] fin F.

As you like it.

For thou thy selfe haft bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe ;
And all th'imboſſed fores, and headed euils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the generall world.

68

Iaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the wearers verie meanes do ebb ?
What woman in the Cittie do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on vnworthy ſhoulders ?
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuſh a one as ſhee, ſuſh is her neighbor ?
Or what is he of bafeſt functiōn,
That ſayes his brauerie is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I meane him,) but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech ?

76

‘ There then ! ’ ‘ How then ? what then ! ’ Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong’d him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong’d himſelfe ; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies,
Vnclaim’d of any man.—But who comes here ?

84

Enter ORLANDO, with his ſword drawn.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more !

Iaq. Why, I haue eate none yet. 88

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſeru’d.

Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of ?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden’d, man, by thy diſtres,
Or elſe a rude diſpifer of good manners,
That in ciuility thou ſeem’ſt ſo emptie ? 92

Orl. You touch’d my veine at firſt : the thorny point
Of bare diſtrefſe hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth ciuility : yet am I in-land bred,

96

72. the] the F.

73. wearers] Singer. wearie F. | of wear do ebb Collier MS. Till
Till that the very very means do | that the means, the very means do
ebb Pope. Till that the very means | 87. comes] F2. come F.

As you like it.

And know some nourture. But forbear, I say'
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I and my affaires are answ'red. 99

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason, I must dye.
Du. Sen. What would you haue? Your gentlenesse shall
force,
More then your force moue vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me haue it!
Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table! 104
Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you!
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are, 108
(That in this desert inacceſſible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loſſe and neglect the creeping houres of time,) 112
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes,
If euer beene where bels haue knoll'd to Church,
If euer fate at any good mans feaſt,
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied, 116
Let gentlenesse my ſtrong enforcement be!
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue feene better dayes;
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church; 120
And ſat at good mens feaſts; and wip'd our eies
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore ſit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command what helpe we haue, 124
That to your wanting may be miniftred!

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while!
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man, 128
Who after me, hath many a weary ſteppe
Limp in pure loue: till he be first ſuffic'd,
(Oppreſt with two weake euils, age, and hunger,) 132
I will not touch a bit!

Duke Sen. Go finde him out! 132

113. *beene*] bcene F.

132. *finde*] ſinde F.

As you like it.

And we will nothing wafte till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye ; and be blest for your good comfort !

[*Exit.*]

Du. Sen. Thou seeft, we are not all alone vnhappie :
This wide and vniuersall Theater 136
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherin we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stafe,
And all the men and women mereley Players :
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances ; 140
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being feuen ages. At first, the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes.
Then, the whining Schoole-boy, with his Satchell,
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile 144
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then, the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistreffe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, 148
Ielous in honor, sodaine and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth. And then, the Iustice 152
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes feuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wife fawes, and moderne instances ;
And so he playes his part. The fixt age shiftis 156
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on fide,
His youthfull hose, well faw'd, a world too wide
For his shrunke shanke ; and his bigge manly voice 160
(Turning againe toward childish trebble) pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is fecond childishnesse, and meere obliuion, 164
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing !

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Du. Sen. Welcome ! Set downe your venerable burthen,
And let him feede !

II. vii. 133-167.]

As you like it.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede, 168

¶ I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome! fall to! I wil not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

¶ Giue vs some Musicke! ¶ and, good Cozen, sing! 172

Song.

Amyens. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind!*

Thou art not so unkinde 174

As mans ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keene,

Because thou art not seene,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! vnto the greene holly:

Most Frendship is sayning; most Louing, meere folly: 180

Then, heigh ho, the holly!

This Life is most iolly. 182

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie!

That doſt not bight so nigh 184

As benefitts forgot;

Though thou the waters warpe,

Thy ſing is not so sharpe

As freind remembred not.

188

Heigh ho! sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,

(As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were;

And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse, 192

Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,)

Be truly welcome hither! I am the Duke

That lou'd your Father: the residue of your fortune,

Go to my Cauе, and tell mee! ¶ Good old man,

196

Thou art right welcome, as thy master is!

¶ Support him by the arme! ¶ Giue me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. [Exeunt. 199

170. *to* too F.

are . . . are Hudson (Dyce conj.).

181. *Then,*] Rowe. The F.

197. *master*] masters F.

190, 191. *were . . . were*] F.

As you like it

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

A Room In the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, & OLIVER.

Du. F. 'Not see him fince'? Sir, sir, that cannot be! 1
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present. But looke to it! 4
Finde out thy brother, wherefoere he is!
Seeke him with Candle! bring him, dead, or liuing,
Within this twelueonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie! 8
Thy Lands, and all things that thou doft call thine,
Worth feizure, do we feize into our hands,
Till thou canft quit thee, by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke againft thee. 12
Ol. Oh that your Hignefte knew my heart in this!
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villaine thou! ¶ Well, push him out of dores!
And let my officers of fuch a nature 16
Make an extent vpon his houfe and Lands!
Do this expediently, and turne him going! [Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

The Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witneſſe of my loue! 1
And thou, thrice crownēd Queene of night, furuey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere aboue,
Thy Huntrefſe name, that my full life doth fway! 4
O *Rosalind!* theſe Trees ſhall be my Bookeſ,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile character; 5
III. i. 1-18; ii. 1-6.] 34

As you like it.

That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnesst euery where.
Run, run, *Orlando!* carue, on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee !

8

[Exit. 10

Enter CORIN & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life, *Master Touchstone* ?

CLOW. Truely, Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a [12
good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well;
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now,
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well; but in [16
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life, (looke you,) it fits my humor well; but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't
any Philiosophie in thee, Shepheard ?

20

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the
worse at ease he is; and that hee that wants money, meanes,
and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie
of raine is to wet, and fire to burne. That good pasture [24
makes fat sheepe; and that a great cause of the night, is lacke
of the Sunne. That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature,
nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very
dull kindred.

28

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher. Was't euer in
Court, Shepheard ?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

32

Cor. Nay, I hope, . . .

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill roasted Egge, all
on one fide.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason !

36

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'ſt
good manners; if thou neuer saw'ſt good maners, then thy
manners must be wicked; and wickednes is sin, and finne is
damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, Shepheard.

40

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone!* those, that are good maners
at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauisour

24. *good*] pood F.

As you like it.

of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your [44 hands: that courtesie would be vncleanlie, if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Instance, briefly! come, instance!

Cor. Why, we are still handling our Ewes; and their Fels, you know, are greafie. 49

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands fweate? and is not the greafe of a Mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; Come!

Cor. Befides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow agen! A more sounder instance, come!

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer with the surgery of our sheepe; and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet. 58

Clo. Most shallow man! Thou wormes meate, in respect of a good peece of flesh, indeed! Learne of the wife, and perpend! Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre; the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance, Shepheard! 62

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit for me: Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer: I earne that I eate, [66 get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happiness; glad of other mens good, content with my harme; and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes fucke. 70

Clo. That is another simple finne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing by the copulation of Cattle; to be bawd to a Bel-weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked- [74 pated, olde, Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldest scape. 78

Cor. Heere comes yong Master Ganimed, my new Mistresses Brother.

As you like it.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a Paper

<i>Rof. From the east to westerne Inde,</i>	
<i>no jewel is like Rosalinde.</i>	82
<i>Hir worth, being mounted on the winde,</i>	
<i>through all the world beares Rosalinde.</i>	84
<i>All the pictures, fairest linde,</i>	
<i>are but blacke to Rosalinde.</i>	86
<i>Let no face bee kept in mind,</i>	
<i>but the faire of Rosalinde!</i>	88

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke¹ to Market.

Rof. Out, Foole! 92

Clo. For a taste:

<i>If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,</i>	
<i>let him seeke out Rosalinde!</i>	95
<i>If the Cat will after kinde,</i>	
<i>so, be sure, will Rosalinde.</i>	97
<i>Wintred garments must be linde,</i>	
<i>so must slender Rosalinde.</i>	99
<i>They that reap must sheafe and bind;</i>	
<i>then to cart with Rosalinde!</i>	101
<i>Sweetest nut hath sourrest rinde,</i>	
<i>such a nut is Rosalinde.</i>	103
<i>He that sweetest rose will finde,</i>	
<i>must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde!</i>	105

This is the verie false gallop of Verses: why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Rof. Peace, you dull foole! I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely, the tree yeelds bad fruite! 109

Rof. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country; for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler. 113

Clo. You haue said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forreft iudge!

¹ *ranke* == file. *rate* Hanmer. | *Farme, I. xxviii. 134) Aldis Wright*
rack (a pace 'which is neither trot | *conj.*
*nor amble'.—Markham's *Coutrie**

As you like it.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Rof. Peace !
Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside !

<i>Cel. [reads]</i>	<i>Why should this a Desert bee ?</i>	118
	<i>for it is unpeopled ? Noe !</i>	
<i>Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,</i>		121
<i>that shall ciuill sayings shoe :</i>		
<i>Some, how briefe the Life of man</i>		122
<i>runs his erring pilgrimage,</i>		
<i>That the stretching of a span</i>		125
<i>buckles in his summe of age :</i>		
<i>Some, of violated vowes</i>		126
<i>twixt the soules of friend and friend .</i>		
<i>But vpon the fairest bowes,</i>		129
<i>or at euerie sentence end,</i>		
<i>Will I Rosalinda write,</i>		130
<i>teaching all that reade, to know</i>		
<i>The quintessence of euerie sprite,</i>		133
<i>Heauen would in little shew.</i>		
<i>Therefore, Heauen Nature charg'd,</i>		134
<i>that one bodie shoud be fill'd</i>		
<i>With all Graces wide enlarg'd :</i>		
<i>Nature presently distill'd</i>		137
<i>Helens cheeke, but not hir heart,</i>		138
<i>Cleopatra's Maiestie,</i>		
<i>Attalanta's better part,</i>		
<i>fad Lucrecia's Modeſtie.</i>		141
<i>Thus Rosalinde, of manie parts,</i>		142
<i>by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd ;</i>		
<i>Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,</i>		
<i>to haue the touches deereſt pris'd.</i>		145
<i>Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,</i>		
<i>and I to liue and die her ſlave.</i>		147
		150

Rof. O moſt gentle *Jupiter !* what tedious homilie of Loue
haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de,
' Haue patience, good people ! '

118. a] Rowe. 138. hir] her Rowe. his F.
III. ii. 116-150.] 38

As you like it.

Cel. [to *Clo.* & *Cor.*] How now! backe, friends! Shepheard, go off a little! ¶ Go with him, firrah!

Clo. Come, Shepheard! let vs make an honorable retreit; though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt *CORIN* & *TOUCHSTONE.* 155

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Rof. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y^e verſes. 159

Rof. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelues without the verſe, and therefore stood lamely in the verſe. 162

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carued vpon theſe trees?

Rof. I was ſeuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came; for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree! [166
[Shewing the Paper] I was neuer ſo berim'd ſince *Pythagoras* time, that I was an *Irish* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro¹ who hath done this? 169

Rof. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Rof. I pre'thee, who? 173

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meeete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it? 177

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Rof. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moft petitionary vehe-mence, tell me who it is! 180

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull! and moft wonderfull wonderfull! and yet againe wonderful! and after that out of all hooping!² 183

Rof. Good my complection! doſt thou think, though I am caparifon'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hofe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a Southfea of diſcouerie. I pre'thee tell me who is it, quickeſt, and ſpeake apace! [187

155. *Exeunt . . . Touchſtone.*] Exit. F.
¹ *hooping* = whooping.

¹ *Tro* = Trow.

As you like it.

I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'ft powre
this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of
a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none
at all! I pre'hee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I
may drinke thy tydings! 192

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rof. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is
his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. 196

Rof. Why, God will fend more, if the man will bee thank-
ful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me
not the knowledge of his chin!

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrastlers heeles,
and your heart, both in an instant. 201

Rof. Nay, but the diuell take mocking! speake, sadde
brow and true maid!

Cel. I'faith, (Coz,) tis he.

Rof. *Orlando*? 205

Cel. *Orlando*.

Rof. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet &
hose? What did he when thou saw'ft him? What sayde
he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What [209
makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines
he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see
him againe? Answer me in one vword! 212

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: 'tis a
'Word' too great for any mouth of this Ages size. To say 'I'
and 'no,' to these particulars, is more then to answser in a
Catechisme. 216

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in
mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he
Wrastled? 219

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the pro-
positions of a Louer; but take a tafte of my finding him,
and rellish it with good obseruance! I found him vnder a
tree, like a drop'd Acorne. 223

Rof. It may vvel be cal'd *Ioues* tree, when it droppes
forth such fruite.

225. *such*] F2.

III. ii. 188-225.]

As you like it.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam !

Rof. Proceed !

Cel. There lay hee, stretch'd along, like a Wounded Knight.

Rof. Though it be pittie to see such a fight, it vwell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla !' to the tongue, I prethee ! it curuettes vnseaonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Rof. O, ominous ! he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen : thou bring'ft me out of tune.

Rof. Do you not know I am a woman ? when I thinke, I must speake. Sweet, say on !

Cel. You bring me out. Soft ! comes he not heere ?

Rof. 'Tis he ! flinke by, and note him !

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.

Enter ORLANDO & IACES.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

242

Orl. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thanke you too for your societie.

Iaq. God buy¹ you ! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

246

Iaq. I pray you, marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-songs in their barkes !

Orl. I pray you, marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly !

250

Iaq. Rosalinde is your loues name ?

Orl. Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

253

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of ?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

257

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers. Haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond them out of rings ?

240. *Enter . . .] F (after line 238).*

¹ *buy* = be with.

As you like it.

Orl. Not so! but I answer you right painted cloath, from
whence you haue studied your questions. 261

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of
Attalanta's heeles. Will you sitte downe with me? and wee
two will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our
miserie. 265

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe,
against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best vertue. I
am wearie of you. 270

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found
you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke: looke but in, and you
shall see him! 274

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you: Farewell, good Signior
Loue! 278

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu, good Monsieur
Melancholly!

[*Exit Iaques.* *CELIA and ROSALIND* come forward.]

Rof. [*aside to CELIA*] I wil speake to him like a fawcie
Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him. ¶ Do
you hear, Forrester? 283

Orl. Verie wel! What would you?

Rof. I pray you, what i'ft a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me 'what time o'day': there's no
'clocke' in the Forrest. 287

Rof. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest; else figh-
ing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre, wold detect
the lazie foot of Time as wel as a clocke. 290

Orl. And why not the swift foote of Time? Had not
that bin as proper? 292

Rof. By no meanes, fir: Time trauels in diuers paces, with
diuers perfons. Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who
Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he
stands stil withall. 296

267. *most*] most F.

As you like it.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Rof. Marry, he trots hard with a yong maid between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of feuen yeare. 301

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Rof. With a Priest that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt; for the one sleepeas easilly, because he cannot study; and the other liues merrily, because he feeleas no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and [306] wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. Thefe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rof. With a theefe to the gallowes; for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staines it stail withal?

Rof. With Lawiers in the vacacion; for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how Time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you, prettie youth?

Rof. With this Shepheardesse, my sister; heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natvie of this place?

Rof. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling. 323

Rof. I haue bin told so of many: but, indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew Courtship too well, for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many [327] Lectors¹ against it; and I thanke God I am not a Woman, to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal. 330

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfe pence are; euerie one fault seeming monstrosit, til his fellow-fault came to match it. 335

¹ *Lectors* = lectures.

As you like it.

Orl. I prethee, recount some of them !

Rof. No, I wil not cast away my physick but on those that are fiske. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruine 'Rosalinde' on their barkes ; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles ; all [340 (forsooth) defying the name of 'Rosalinde.' If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him. 343

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd : I pray you, tel me your remedie ! 345

Rof. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you : he taught me how to know a man in loue ; in which cage of ruffes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes ? 349

Rof. A leane cheeke, which you haue not ; a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not ; an vnquestionable¹ spirit, which you haue not ; a beard neglected, which you haue not ; (but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your hauing in beard [353 is a yonger brothers reuennew :) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your sleeue vnbbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you demonstrating a carelesse desolation. But you are no such man ; you [357 are rather point deuice in your accoustrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleuee, I Loue ! 361

Rof. Me beleuee it ! You may assoone make her that you Loue, beleuee it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do then to confesse she do's : that is one of the points in the which women stil give the lie to their consciences. But, in [365 good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired ?

Orl. I fweare to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he ! 369

Ros. But are you so much in loue as your rimes speak ?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much !

Rof. Loue is merely a madnesse, and, I tel you, deserues

341 *defying*] F2. *defying* F.

¹ *unquestionable* = *inconversable*.

348. *are*] art F.

As you like it.

as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too. Yet I professe curing it by counsel. 376

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Misfries; and I set him euerie day to woe¹ me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, [381 proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstante, ful of teares, full of similes; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing; (as boyes and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour;) would now like him, now loath [385 him; then entertaine him, then forswear him; now weape for him, then spit at him: that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue to a liuing humor of madnes; which was, to forsware the ful strem of y^e world, and to liue in a [389 nooke meerly Monastick. And thus I cur'd him; and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a sound sheepe's heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't! 393

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat,² and woe me. 396

Orlan. Now, by the faith of my loue, I will! Tel me where it is!

Rof. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you! and, by the way, you shal tell me where in the Forrest you liue. Wil you go? 401

Orl. With all my heart, good youth!

Rof. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*. ¶ Come, fister, will you go? [Exeunt. 404

¹ *woe* = woe.

² *Coat* = cote, cottage.

As you like it.

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter Clowne, AUDREY; & IAQUES behind.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*! I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*! And how, *Audrey*? am I the man yet? doth my simble feature¹ content you?

Aud. Your 'features'! Lord warrant vs! what features? 4

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, honest *Ouid*, was among the *Gothes*.

(*Iaq. [as/le]* O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then *Ioue* in a thatch'd house!) 8

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconde with the forward childe, Vnderstanding, it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome. Truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall!

Aud. I do not know what 'Poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing? 14

Clo. No, trulie; for the trueft poettie is the most faining; and Louers are giuen to Poettie; and what they sweare in Poettie, may be faid, (as Louers,) they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the Gods had made me Poeticall? 19

Clow. I do, truly; for thou fwearft to me thou art honest: Now, if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didft feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest? 23

Clo. No, truly, vnfesse thou wert hard fauour'd; for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a fawce to Sugar.

(*Iaq. A materiall foole!*) 27

Aud. Well, I am not faire; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish. 31

Aud. I am not a slut, though (I thanke the Goddes!) I am foule. 33

¹ *feature* = making, composition of verses.

As you like it.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulnesse! fluttish-
nesse may come heereafter. But be it as it may bee, I wil
marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliver*
Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village; who hath pro- [37]
mis'd to meeke me in this place of the Forrest, and to
couple vs.

(*Iaq.* I would faine see this meeting.)

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy!

41

Clo. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart,
stagger in this attempt; for heere wee haue no Temple but
the wood, no assemply but horne-beasts. But what though?
Courage! As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It [45]
is said, 'many a man knowes no end of his goods:' right;
many a man has good Hornes, and knowes no end of them.
Well, that is the dowrie of his wife; 'tis none of his owne
getting. Hornes? euen so: poore men alone? No, no! [49]
the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall. Is
the fingle man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd Towne
is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married
man more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchel- [53]
ler; and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so
much is a horne more precious then to want. Heere comes
Sir Oliver!

56

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are wel met! Will you dispatch
vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your
Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

60

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly, she must be giuen, or the marriage is not
lawfull.

Iaq. [advancolng] Proceed, proceede! Ile giue her.

64

Clo. Good euen, good Master What-ye-cal't! how do you,
Sir? [*Iaq. takes off his hat*] You are verie well met: God-
dild you for your last companie! I am verie glad to see you:
(euen a toy in hand heere, Sir;) Nay, pray be couer'd!

68

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow, fir, the horse his curb, and

56. *Enter . . .] F (after want).*

As you like it.

the Falcon her bels, so man hath his defires; and as Pigeons
bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling. 72

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be
married vnder a bush, like a begger? Get you to church,
and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is!
this fellow wil but ioyne you together as they ioyne [76
Wainscot; then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and,
like greene timber, warpe, warpe. 78

Clo. I am not in the minde but I were better to bee mar-
ried of him then of another: for he is not like to marrie
me wel; and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse
for me heereafter to leaue my wife. 82

Iaq. Goe thou with mee, and let me counfel thee!

Clo. Come, sweete *Audrey*!
We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey. 85
¶ Farewel, good *Masler Oliuer*! not,
O sweet *Oliuer*,
O braue *Oliuer*,
Leaue me not behind thee! 89
but,
Windle away,
Bee gone, I say,
I wil not to wedding with thee! 92

[*Exeunt Iaques, Clowne, and Audrey.*]

Ol. 'Tis no matter: Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all
shal flout me out of my calling! [Exit. 95]

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

Another part of the Forrest. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND & CELIA.

Rof. Neuer talke to me! I wil weepe! 1

Cel. Do, I prethee! but yet haue the grace to confider that
teares do not become a man.

Rof. But haue I not cause to weepe? 4

84. *Clo.*] *Ol.* *F.*

93. *Exeunt . . . Audrey.*] *Exeunt. F* (after l. 95).

As you like it.

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weepe!

Rof. His very haire is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then *Iudas*: marrie, his kisstes
are *Iudas* owne children. 8

Rof. I'faith, his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: Your Cheffenut was euer the
onely colour.

Rof. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie as the touch of
holy bread. 13

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun
of winters fisterhood kisstes not more religioustlie; the very yce
of chastity is in them. 16

Rof. But why did hee sweare hee would come this
morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rof. Doe you thinke so? 20

Cel. Yes; I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-
stealer, but, for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concawe
as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in loue? 24

Cel. Yes, when he is 'in'; but I thinke he is not 'in'.

Rof. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a Louer is no
stronger then the word of a Tapster; they are both the [28
confirmir of false reckonings. He attends here in the forrest
on the Duke your father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question
with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told [32
him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But
what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as
Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a braue man! hee writes braue verses, [36
speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them
brauely, quite trauers, athwart the heart of his louer; as a
pufny Tilter, *that* spurs his horse but on one fide, breakes
his staffe like a noble goose: but all's braue that youth [40
mounts, and folly guides. Who comes heere?

As you like it.

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw fitting by me on the Turph,
Praifing the proud difdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

44

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid,
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red gloue of scorne and proud disdain,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will marke it.

48

Rof. [to CEL.] O, come, let vs remoue!

The fight of Louers feedeth those in loue.

52

¶ Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say

He proue a busie actor in their play!

[*Exeunt.* 54]

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter SILVIA and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, doe not scorne me! do not, *Phebe!* 1
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse! The common executioner
(Whose heart th'accustom'd fight of death makes hard) 4
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner: 8
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee.
Thou tellst me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes (that are the frailst, and softest things,) 12
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes)
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers!

III. iv. 42-54; v. 1-14.] 50

As you like it.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ! 16
Now counterfeit to fwound ; why, now fall downe ;
Or, if thou canst not, Oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers !
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee ! 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some scarre of it ; Leane but vpon a rush,
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palme ſome moment keepes ; but now mine eyes, 24
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,
If euer (as that euer may be neere) 28
You meet in ſome fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inuiſible
That Loues keene arrows make !

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou neere me ! and, when that time comes, 32
Affliſt me with thy mockes ! pity me not !
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Rof. [aduancing] And why, I pray you ? Who might be
your mother,
That you iuft, exult, and all at once, 36
Ouer the wretched ? What though you haue no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then, without Candle, may goe darke to bed.)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pittieſſe ? 40
Why, what meaneſs this ? Why do you looke on me ?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures ſale-worke. ('Ods my little life,
I thiſke the meaneſs to tangle my eies too !) 44
No, faith, proud Miftrefſe, hope not after it !
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip. 48

22. *but*] F2.

30. *wounds*] wouuds (turned *n*) F.
37. *haue*] hau F.

As you like it.

¶ You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you 52
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children :
'Tis not her glasse, but you, that flatters her ;
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can shew her.
¶ But, Mistris, know your selfe ! downe on your knees, 56
And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue !
For I must tell you (friendly) in your eare,
Sell when you can : you are not for all markets !
Cry the man mercy ! loue him ! take his offer !
Foule is most foule, being foule, to be a scoffer. 60
¶ So, take her to thee, Shepheard ! fare you well !
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a yere together !
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooo.
Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, ¶ & shee'll [66
fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answeres
thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce her with bitter words.
¶ Why looke you so vpon me ?
Phe. For no ill will I beare you. 70
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in loue with mee !
For I am falser then vowed made in wine :
Befides, I like you not. ¶ If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by. 74
¶ Will you goe, Sister ? ¶ Shepheard, ply her hard !
¶ Come, Sister ! ¶ Shepeardeffe, looke on him better,
And be not proud ! though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight as hee !
¶ Come, to our flocke ! 78

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead Shepheard ! now I find thy saw of might :
Who ever lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight ?' 1 81
Sil. Sweet Phebe ! . . .
Phe. Hah ! what saist thou, Siluius ?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pitty me !

79. *Exeunt . . . Corin.*] Exit. F. 1st Sestiad. *Works*, ed. Dyce,
1 Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1870, p. 281, col. 2.

As you like it.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Siluius.* 84

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, relieve would be :

If you doe sorrow at my grieve in loue,
By giuing loue, your sorrow and my grieve
Were both extermin'd. 88

Phe. Thou haft my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why, that were couetousnesse.

Siluius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue : 92
But fince that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erft was irkesome to me,
I will endure ; and Ile employ thee too :
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd ! 96

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop, 100
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes : loose now and then
A scattred smile ; and that Ile liue vpon ! 103

Phe. Knowft thou the youth that spoke to mee yere while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft ;
And he hath bought the Cottage, and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him ! 108
'Tis but a peeuiish boy ; (yet he talkes well :)
But what care I for words ? (yet words do well,
When he that speakes them pleases thoſe that heare.)
It is a pretty youth : (not very prettie :) 112
But, sure, hee's proud ; (and yet his pride becomes him :)
Hee'll make a proper man : the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp. 116
He is not very tall ; (yet for his yeeres hee's tall :)
His leg is but ſo ſo ; (and yet 'tis well :)
There was a pretty redneſſe in his lip,
A little riper and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke ; 'twas iuft the diſference 120
Betwixt the conſtant Red, and mingled Damaske.

As you like it.

There be some women, *Silvius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere 124
To fall in loue with him : but, for my part,
I loue him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I haue more cause to hate him then to loue him :
For what had he to doe to chide at me ? 128
He said, mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke ;
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :
I maruell why I answere'd not againe :
But that's all one ; ' omittance is no quittance.' 132
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it : wilt thou, *Silvius* ?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart !
Phe. Ile write it strait ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart : 136
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Goe with me, *Silvius* !
[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*The Forrest of Arden. Before a Cottage, as in
Act III. sc. iv.*

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA, and IACHAEUS.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee !

Rof. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so ; I doe loue it better then laughing. 4

Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable
fellowes ; and betray themselues to euery moderne censure,
worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing. 8

Rof. Why then, 'tis good to be a poste.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is
emulation ; nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall ; nor the
Courtiers, which is proud ; nor the Souldiers, which is [12
ambitious ; nor the Lawiers, which is politick ; nor the Ladies,

127. *I haue*] F2. Haue F.

1. *be*] F2.

As you like it.

which is nice; nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects, and, indeed, the fundrie [16 contemplation of my trauells, in which my often ruminacion wraps me in a moft humorous sadnesse.

Rof. A Traueller! By my faith, you haue great reason to be sad! I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see [20 other mens; then, to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience. 23

Rof. And your 'experience' makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad; and to trauaile for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*! 27

Iaq. Nay, then, God buy¹ you, and you talke in blanke verse! [Exit.]

Rof. Farewell, Mounfieur Trauellor! looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie; be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almost [32 chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swarn in a Gundello! ¶ Why, how now, *Orlando*! where haue you bin all this while? You a louer! And you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more! 37

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Rof. Breake an houres promise in loue! Hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a [41 part of the thousand part of a minute in the affaers of loue, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me, deere *Rosalind*! 45

Rof. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight! I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. 'Of a Snaile'? 48

17. *my*] F2. by F.

26. *Enter Orlando.*] F (after l. 23).

¹ *buy* = be with.

As you like it.

Rof. I, of a Snaile; for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioynture, I thinke, then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him. 52

Orl. What's that?

Rof. Why, hornes, which such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife. 56

Orl. Virtue is no horne-maker; and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*. 59

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wooo me, wooo me! for now I am in a holyday humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*? 64

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first; and when you were grauel'd for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse. Verie good Orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for louers, lacking (God warne vs!) matter, the cleanliest shifft is to kisse. 70

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter. 73

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Rof. Marrie, that shoulde you, if I were your Mistris; or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your 'suite'. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 77 81

Rof. Well, in her person, I say, 'I will not haue you.'

Orl. Then, in mine owne person, I die. 83

Rof. No, faith, die by Attorney! The poore world is almost fix thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause. *Troilous* had his braines dashed out with a [87] *Grecian* club; yet he did what hee could to die before; and

As you like it.

he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue
liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it
had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night ; for (good youth) [91
he went but forth to wash him in the *Hellefpont*, and, being
taken with the cramp, was droun'd : and the foolish Chrono-
clers of that age found it was '*Hero of Cefos*.' But these are
all lies : men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue
eaten them, but not for loue. 96

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind ;
for, I protest, her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flie ! But come, now
I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition ;
and aske me what you will, I will grant it. 101

Orl. Then loue me, *Rosalind* !

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, Fridaies, and Saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me ?

Rof. I, and twentie such. 105

Orl. What saiest thou ?

Rof. Are you not good ?

Orl. I hope so. 108

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good
thing ? ¶ Come, sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs !
¶ Give me your hand, *Orlando* ! ¶ What doe you say, sister ?

Orl. Pray thee, marrie vs ! 112

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin : ' Will you, *Orlando* . . . '

Cel. Goe to ! ¶ ' Wil you, *Orlando*, haue to wife this
Rosalind ? ' 116

Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when ?

Orl. Why now ; as fast as she can marrie vs.

Rof. Then you must say : ' I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.'

Orl. ' I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.' 121

Rof. I might aske you for your Commission. But I doe
take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband : there's a girle goes
before the Priest ! and, certainly, a Womans thought runs
before her actions. 125

Orl. So do all thoughts ; they are wing'd.

115. *Goe to*] Goe too F.

As you like it.

Rof. Now tell me, how long you would haue her, after you haue possest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day!

129

Rof. Say, 'a day,' without the 'euer!' No, no, *Orlando*; men are Aprill when they woe,¹ December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues. I will bee more iealous of thee, [133 then a *Barbary* cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen; more clamorous then a *Parrat* against raine; more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that [137 when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe!

141

Orl. O, but she is wife!

Ros. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney!

147

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whether wil't?'

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

151

Orl. And what wit could wit haue to excuse that?

Rof. Marry, to say, she came to seeke you there. You shall neuer take her without her answer, vniuersall you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole!

157

Orl. For these two houres, *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

161

Rof. I, goe your waies, goe your waies! I knew what you would proue: my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me:

¹ *woe* = *woe*.

As you like it.

'tis but one cast away, and so, come, Death! Two o'clocke
is your howre? 166

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.

Rof. 'By my troth,' and 'in good earnest,' and 'so God
mend mee,' and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous,
if you breake one iot of your promife, or come one minute
behinde your houre, I will thinke you the moft patheti- [171
call breake-promife, and the moft hollow louer, and the moft
vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out
of the groffe band of the vnsfaithfull! therefore beware my
censure, and keep your promise! 175

Orl. With no leffe religion then if thou wert indeed my
Rosalind! so, adieu!

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Iuflice that examines all such
offenders, and let Time try! adieu! [Exit ORLANDO.] 179

Cel. You haue fimplicly misfis'd our fexe in your loue-prate:
we muft haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head,
and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne
neafe. 183

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didft
know how many fathome deepe I am in loue! But it can-
not bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome,
like the Bay of *Portugall*. 187

Cel. Or rather, bottomleffe; that as fast as you poure
affection in, it runs out. 189

Rof. No, that fame wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was
begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of mad-
neffe; that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes,
becaufe his owne are out, let him bee iudge how deepe [193
I am in loue. Ile tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the
sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and figh till he
come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

[Exeunt. 197]

189. *it* in F.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter IACES and Lords, like Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

1

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Romane* Conquerour! and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory. ¶ Haue you no song, Forrester, for this purpose?

6

A Lord. Yes, Sir.

Iaq. Sing it! 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

9

Musick.

A Lord.

Song.

What shall he haue, that kild the Deare?

His Leather skin, and hornes to weare!

11

[Then sing him home: the rest shall beare this burthen.

Take thou no scorne to weare the horne!

12

It was a creſt ere thou waſt borne:

13

Thy fathers father wore it,

14

And thy father bore it:

15

The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne!

[Exeunt. 17]

2, 7. *A Lord.*] Lord. F. For. sc. i. p. 17.
Rowe. At l. 6 a Lord is addressed [11. *Then sing . . . burthen.*] in his assumed character of a for-
ester. See the Entry of Act II. Printed as part of the song in F.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rof. How say you now? Is it not past two a clock? and
heere much *Orlando*!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, he
hath tane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth—to sleepe.
Looke, who comes heere? 5

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth;
My gentle *Phebe* did bid me giue you this: [*Glues a Letter*,
I know not the contents; but, as I gueffe, *Ros. reads it.* 9
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure: pardon me!
I am but a guiltlesse messenger. 12

Rof. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Beare this, beare all!
Shee saies I am not faire; that I lacke manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not loue me 16
Were man as rare as Phenix. Od's my will!
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rof. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue!
I saw her hand: she has a leatherne hand, 24
A freestone coloured hand; I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands
She has a hulwiues hand; but that's no matter:

5. *Enter Silvius.] F (after brain, l. 3).*

As you like it.

I say, she never did inuent this letter ; 28
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Rof. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers ; why, she defies me, 32
Like *Turke* to *Christian* : vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such *Ethiop* vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance. Will you heare the letter ? 36

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Rof. She ' *Phebes* ' me : marke how the tyrant vrites ! 39
[Reads] ' *Art thou god to Shepherd turn'd,*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd ?' 41
Can a vvoman raile thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Rof. [Reads] ' *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
War'st thou with a womans heart ?' 45
Did you euer heare such railing ?
' *Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,*
That could do no vengeance to me.' 48
Meaning me, a beast.

' *If the scorne of your bright eine*
Hau'e power to raise such loue in mine, 51
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspēct !
Whiles you chid me, I did loue ; 53
How then might your praiers moue !
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me : 57
And by him seale vp thy minde ;
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make ; 59
Or else by him my loue donie,
And then Ile studie how to die !' 63

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poore Shepheard !

Rof. Doe you pitty him ? no, he deserues no pitty !
¶ Wilt thou loue such a woman ? What ! to make thee [67
IV. iii. 28-67.] 62

As you like it.

an instrument, and plaie false straines vpon thee! not to be
endur'd! Well, goe your way to her, (for I fee Loue hath
made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her! That if the
loue me, I charge her to loue thee; if she will not, I [71
will neuer haue her, vnableffe thou intreat for her. If you bee
a true louer. Hence, and not a word! for here comes more
company!

[Exit S.I.L.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones! pray you, (if you know,) Where, in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands 76
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom,
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place. 80
But, at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then shold I know you by description; 84
Such garments, and such yeeres: 'the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner then her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And, to that youth hee calls his Rosalind, 92
He sends this bloody napkin. ¶ Are you he?

Ros. I am: what muft we vnderstand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where, 96
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it!
Oli. When last the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre¹; and, pacing through the Forrest, 100
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe, vvhat befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, marke, vvhat obiect did preuent it selfe!

¹ Two hours. See IV. i. 158, p. 58.

As you like it.

Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age, 104
And high top bald with drie antiquitie,
A wretched ragged man, ore-grownne with haire,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe, 108
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but sodainly,
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And, with indented glides, did slip away 112
Into a bush : vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonneſſe, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stirre ; (for 'tis 116
The royll disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth feeme as dead :)
This feene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120

Cel. O, I haue heard him speake of that same brother ;
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men !

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall. 124

Rof. But, to *Orlando* ! did he leaue him there,
Food to the fuck'd and hungry Lyonneſſe ?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so ;
But kindnesſe, nobler euer then reuenge, 128
And Nature, stronger then his iuft occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonneſſe,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling,
From miserable flumber I awaked. 132

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Rof. Was't you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, ſince my conuerſion 136
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Rof. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.

137. *sweetly*] sweetly F.

As you like it.

When from the first to last, betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd, 140
As, how I came into that Desert place; . . .
In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue; 144
Who led me instantly vnto his Cauе,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, 148
And cride, in fainting, vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am, 152
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth, 155
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*. [*RODALIND swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed*! sweet *Ganimed*!
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is more in it. ¶ *Cosen*! . . . *Ganimed*!
Oli. Looke, he recouers! 160
Rof. I would I were at home!
Cel. Wee'll lead you thither.
¶ I pray you, will you take him by the arme?
Oli. Be of good cheere, youth! you, a man! You lacke a
mans heart. 164
Rof. I doe so, I confessie it. Ah, firra, a body would thinke
this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited! Heigh-ho! 167
Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony
in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you! 170
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and 'counterfeit' to be
a man!
Rof. So I doe: but, yfaith, I should haue beene a woman
by right. 174
Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards! ¶ *Good sir, goe with vs!*

As you like it.

Oli. That will I; for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind.* 178
Re. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, command
my counterfeiting to him! ¶ Will you goe? [Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

The Forrest of Arden.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time, *Awdrie*; patience, gentle
Awdrie!

Awd. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the olde
gentlemans faying. 4

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliver, Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-*
text! But, *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest
layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in mee in
the world: here comes the man you meane! 9

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne: by my
troth, we that haue good wits haue much to answere for; we
shall be flouting; we cannot hold. 12

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good eu'n, *Audrey!*

Aud. God ye good eu'n, *William!*

Will. And good eu'n to you, Sir! [Takes off his hat. 15

Clo. Good eu'n, gentle friend! Couer thy head, couer
thy head! Nay, prethee, bee couer'd! How olde are you,
Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie, Sir. 19

Clo. A ripe age. Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, fir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I, fir, I thanke God! 23

Clo. 'Thanke God!' a good answere. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, fir, fo, fo.

23

25

12. *Enter William.*] F (after l. 9).

IV. iii. 177-180; V. i. 1-25.] 66

As you like it.

Clo. 'So, so,' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou wife?

Will. I, sir, I haue a prettie wit.

28

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: 'The Foole doth thinke he is wife, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole.' The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a defire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he [32 put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do, fir.

35

Clo. Gidue me your hand! Art thou Learned?

Will. No, fir.

Clo. Then learne this of me! 'To haue, is to haue.' For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink, being powr'd out of [39 a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

42

Will. Which 'he,' fir?

Clo. 'He,' fir, that must marrie this woman. Therefore, you Clowne, abandon, (which is in the vulgar, leaue,) the [45 societie, (which in the boorish is, companie,) of this female, (which in the common is, woman;) which together is, abandon the society of this Female! or, Clowne, thou perishest; or, to thy better vnderstanding, dyeſt; or, (to wit) I kill thee, [49 make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage! I will deale in poyon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in fteele; I will bandy with thee in faſhion; I will ore-run thee with policie; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes! therefore tremble, and depart!

54

Aud. Do, good *William*!

Will. God refte you merry, fir!

[Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse feekes you; come, away, away!

Clo. Trip, *Audry!* trip, *Audry!* ¶ I attend, I attend!

59
[Exeunt.

26. *Clo.*] Cle. F.

35. *sir*] sit F.

38. *of*] os F.

53. *policie*] policy F2. police F.

As you like it.

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO & OLIUER.

Orl. Is't possible, that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her? And, louing, woo? and, wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enjoy her? 4

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing,¹ nor her sodaine consenting; but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*; say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we [8 may enjoy each other! it shall be to your good; for my fathers house, and all the reuennew that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd. 12

Orl. You haue my consent. Let your Wedding be to morrow! thither will I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers. Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, looke you, heere comes my *Rosalinde*! 16

Enter ROSALIND.

Rof. God saue you, brother!

Ol. And you, faire sister! [Exit.

Rof. Oh, my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe! 20

Orl. It is my arme.

Rof. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. 'Wounded' it is, but with the eyes of a Lady. 24

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that. 27

Rof. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes,

¹ *woing* = wooing.

6. *her*] Rowe.

16. *Enter Rosalind.*] F (after l. 12).

As you like it.

and *Cefars* Thrafoncall bragge of 'I came, saw, and ouer-came.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met, [31 but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they figh'd; no sooner figh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees haue they made [35 a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

39

Orl. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But, O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies! By so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart [43 heauiness, by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wifhes for.

Rof. Why, then, to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*? 47

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will wearie you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speake to some purpose,) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my know- [52 ledge, infomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: [56 I haue, since I was three yeare olde, conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. [60 I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen; and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

64

Orl. Speak'ft thou in sober meanings?

Rof. By my life, I do! which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian. Therefore, put you in your best array;

31. ouercame] ouercome F.

53. are] arc F.

As you like it.

bid your friends! for if you will be married to-morrow, you
shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will. 69

Enter SILVIUS & PHEBE.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not, if I haue: it is my studie,
To feeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepheard;
Looke vpon him, loue him! he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue! 77

Sil. It is to be all made of fighes and teares;
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice;
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes; 89
All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,¹
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obseruance;²
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And so am I for no woman! 96

Phe. [to *Ros.*] If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. [to *PHE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Rof. Who do you speake to, 'Why blame you mee to loue
you?' 101

¹ So F. *obedience* Dyce (Collier MS.). | *obesance* Ritson conj.

² So F. *obedience* Malone conj. | 100. *Who*] Rowe. Why F.

As you like it.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Rof. Pray you, no more of this! 'tis like the howling of *Irish* Wolues against the Moone. [To *SIL.*] I will helpe you, if I can: [to *PHE.*] I would loue you, if I could. To morrow meet me altogether! [To *PHE.*] I wil marrie you, [106 if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: [to *ORL.*] I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow: [to *SIL.*] I wil content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married [110 to morrow. [To *ORL.*] As you loue *Rosalind*, meet! [to *SIL.*] as you loue *Phebe*, meet! and as I loue no woman, Ile meet. So fare you wel! I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue!

Phe.

Nor I!

Orl.

Nor I! [Exeunt. 114

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter Clowne and AUDREY.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day, *Audrey*; to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y^e world. Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages! 5

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met, honest Gentleman!

Clo. By my troth, well met! Come, fit, fit, and a song!

2. *Pa.* We are for you: fit i'th middle!

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse? which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith! and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse. 13

108. *will*] will F.

As you like it.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lassie,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe, 10
In the spring time, the onely pretty r¹⁷ng time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet Louers loue the spring. 19

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino,
These prettie Country folks would lie, 22
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower 26
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time !¹
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino ,
For Loue is crown'd with the prime 30
In spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y^e note was very vntunable. 33

i. Pa. You are deceiu'd, Sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time !

Clo. By my troth, yes ! I count it but time lost, to heare such a foolish song. God buy² you ! and God mend your voices ! ¶ *Come, Audrie !* [Exeunt. 38

^{17. ring]} Edinburgh MS., and printed as the second stanza in F.
Steevens conj. rang F. ² buy = be with.

¹ And therefore . . . prime is

As you like it.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

Another part of the Forrest.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMYENS, IAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER,
CELIA.*

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleue, *Orlando*, that the boy 1
Can do all this that he hath promisēd?

Orl. I sometimēs do beleue, and somtimes do not;
As thōse that feare they hope, and know they feare. 4

Enter ROSALINDE, SILVIUS, & PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compāct is vrg'd !
[To DUKE] You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir ! 8

Ros. [to ORL.] And you say, you wil haue her, when I
bring hir ?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King !

Ros. [to PHE.] You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing ?

Phe. That will I, shoud I die the houre after ! 12

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard ?

Phe. So is the bargaine. 15

Ros. [to SIL.] You say, that you'l haue *Phebe*, if she will ?

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing !

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen.

Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter !

¶ You yours, *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter ! 20

¶ Keepe you your word, *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this Shepheard !

¶ Keepe your word, *Silvius*, that you'l marrie her,

If she refuse me ! and from hence I go, 24

To make these doubts all euen. [Exeunt Ros. and CELIA.

Du. Sen. I do remember, in this shepheard boy,

Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

25. *Exeunt . . .* Exit . . . F.

As you like it.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, 28
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne ;
And hath bin tutor'd, in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle, 32
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian,
Obscurēd in the circle of this Forrest.

Enter Clowne and AUDREY.

Iaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples
are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie
strange beasts, which, in all tongues, are call'd Fooles. 37

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome ! This is the Motley-
minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest.
he hath bin a Courtier, he fweares. 41

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my pur-
gation ! I haue trod a measure ; I haue flattred a Lady ;
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smoothe with mine
enemie ; I haue vndone three Tailors ; I haue had four
quarrels, and like to haue fought one. 46

Iaq. And how was that tane vp ?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the
feuenth cause. 49

Iaq. How 'feuenth cause' ? ¶ Good my Lord, like this
fellow !

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ld you, fir ! I desire you of the like. I preffe
in heere, fir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues, to
fweare and to forfweare ; according as mariage binds and
blood breakes : a poore virgin, fir, an il-fauor'd thing, [56
fir, but mine owne ; a poore humour of mine, fir, to take
that that no man else will : rich honestie dwels like a miser,
fir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious. 60

Clo. According to the 'fooles bolt,' fir, and such dulcet
diseases.

29. *daughter*] daughrer F.

34. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 33).

As you like it.

Iaq. But, for the feuenthe cause! How did you finde the
quarrell on the feuenthe cause? 64

Clo. Vpon a lye, feuen times remoued: (¶Beare your bodie
more seeming, *Audry!*) ¶as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut
of a certaine Courtiers beard: he fent me word, if I said his
beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: [68
this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I fent him word
againe, 'it was not well cut,' he wold send me word, he cut
it to please himselfe: this is call'd the Quip Modeft. If
againe, 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my iudgment: [72
this is called the Reply Churlifh. If againe, 'it was not
well cut,' he wold anfwer, I speake not true: this is call'd
the Reprooфе Valiant. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he
wold say, I lie: this is call'd the Counter-checke Quarrelfome:
and so to the Lye Circumftantiall, and the Lye Direct. 77

Iaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durft go no further then the Lye Circumftantial,
nor he durft not glue me the Lye Direct; and so wee measur'd
swords, and parted. 81

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the
lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel 'in print,' by the booke; as you
haue bookees for good manners: I will name you the [85
degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the
Quip Modeft; the third, the Reply Churlifh; the fourth, the
Reprooфе Valiant; the fift, the Counterchecke Quarrelfome;
the fixt, the Lye with Circumftance; the feauenth, the [89
Lye Direct. All these you may auoyd, but the Lye Direct;
and you may auoide that too, with an 'If'. I knew when
feuen Iuftices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the
parties were met themfelues, one of them thought but of [93
an 'If'; as, 'If you faide so, then I faide so; ' and they shooke
hands, and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the onely peace-
maker; much vertue in 'If'. 96

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? He's as good at
any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vies his folly like a stalking-horse, and, vnder
the presentation of that, he shoothes his wit. 100

77. *so to the*] F2. *so to F.*

As you like it.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Musick.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,
When earthly things made eauen*

Attone together.

103

Good Duke, receiue thy daughter !

Hymen from Heauen brought her,

(Yea, brought her hether,)

106

That thou mightst ioyne her hand with his,

Whose heart within his bosome is.

108

Ros. [to DUKE.] To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours !

[To ORL.] To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours !

Du. Se. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter !

Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind ! 112

Phe. If fight & shape be true,

Why, then, my loue, adieu !

114

Ros. [To DUKE.] Ile haue no Father, if you be not he :

[To ORL.] Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he :

[To PHE.] Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee. 117

Hy. Peace, hoa ! I barre confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange euents :

120

Here's eight that muft take hands,

To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

123

[To ORL. and Ros.] You and you, no croffe shall part :

[To OLL and CEL.] You and you, are hart in hart : 125

[To PHE.] You, to his loue muft accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord :

127

[To CLO. and AUD.] You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather.

129

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your felues with questioning ;

131

That reaſon, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish !

133

107. *hir*] her F2. his F.

V. iv. 101-133.]

76

As you like it.

Song.

<i>Wedding is great Iunos crowne :</i>	134
<i>O blessed bond of boord and bea !</i>	
<i>'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,</i>	
<i>High wedlock then be honored !</i>	137
<i>Honor, high honor and renoune,</i>	
<i>To Hymen, God of euerie Towne !</i>	139

<i>Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me !</i>	
¶ <i>Euen, daughter, welcome, in no leffe degree !</i>	141
<i>Phe. [to SIL.] I wil not eate my word : now thou art mine ;</i>	
<i>Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.</i>	143

Enter IAQUES DE BOYS, ORLANDOS Second Brother

<i>2. Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two !</i>	
I am the seconf sonne of old Sir Rowland,	
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.	
Duke Frederick, hearing how that euerie day	147
Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest,	
Addrest a mightie power ; which were on foote,	
In his owne conduct, purposely to take	
His brother heere, and put him to the fword :	151
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came ;	
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,	
After some question with him, was conuerted,	
Both from his enterprize, and from the world ;	155
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,	
And all their Lands restor'd to them againe,	
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,	
I do engage my life.	

<i>Du. Se. Welcome, yong man !</i>	159
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding :	
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,	
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedom.	
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends	163
That heere vvere well begun, and wel begot :	
And after, euery of this happie number	
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies and nights with vs,	

157. *them*] Rowe. him F.

164. *vvere*] vverte F.

As you like it.

Shal share the good of our returnēd fortune, 167

According to the measure of their states.

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,

And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie!

170

¶ Play, Musicke ! ¶ And you, Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall ! 172

Iaq. [to *Iaq. DE B.*] Sir, by your patience ! If I heard
you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into negle&t the pompous Court,

2. *Bro.* He hath.

176

Iaq. To him will I : out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd.

[To *Duke*] You, to your former Honor, I bequeath ;

Your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it. 180

[To *Oriel*] You, to a loue, that your true faith doth merit :

[To *Oll*] You, to your land, and loue, and great allies :

[To *Sil*] You, to a long, and well-deserued bed :

[To *Clo*] And you to wrangling ; for thy louing voyage 184
Is but for two moneths victuall'd. So, to your pleasures !

I am for other, then for dancing measures. 186

Du. Se. Stay, *Iaques*, stay !

Iaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would haue,
Ile stay to know at your abandon'd caue. [Exit. 189

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed ! wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust they'l end, in true delights. [A *dance*. 191

EPILOGUE.

Rof. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue ;
but it is no more vnhandsome then to see the Lord the
Prologue. If it be true, that ' good wine needs no bush,' 'tis
true, that a good play needes no Epilogue : yet to good [195
wine they do vfe good bushes ; and good playes proue the
better by the helpe of good Epilogues. What a cafe am I in,
then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate
with you in the behalfe of a good play ! I am not [199
furnisht like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become

167. *share*] sharc F.

191. *A dance.*] Exit. F.

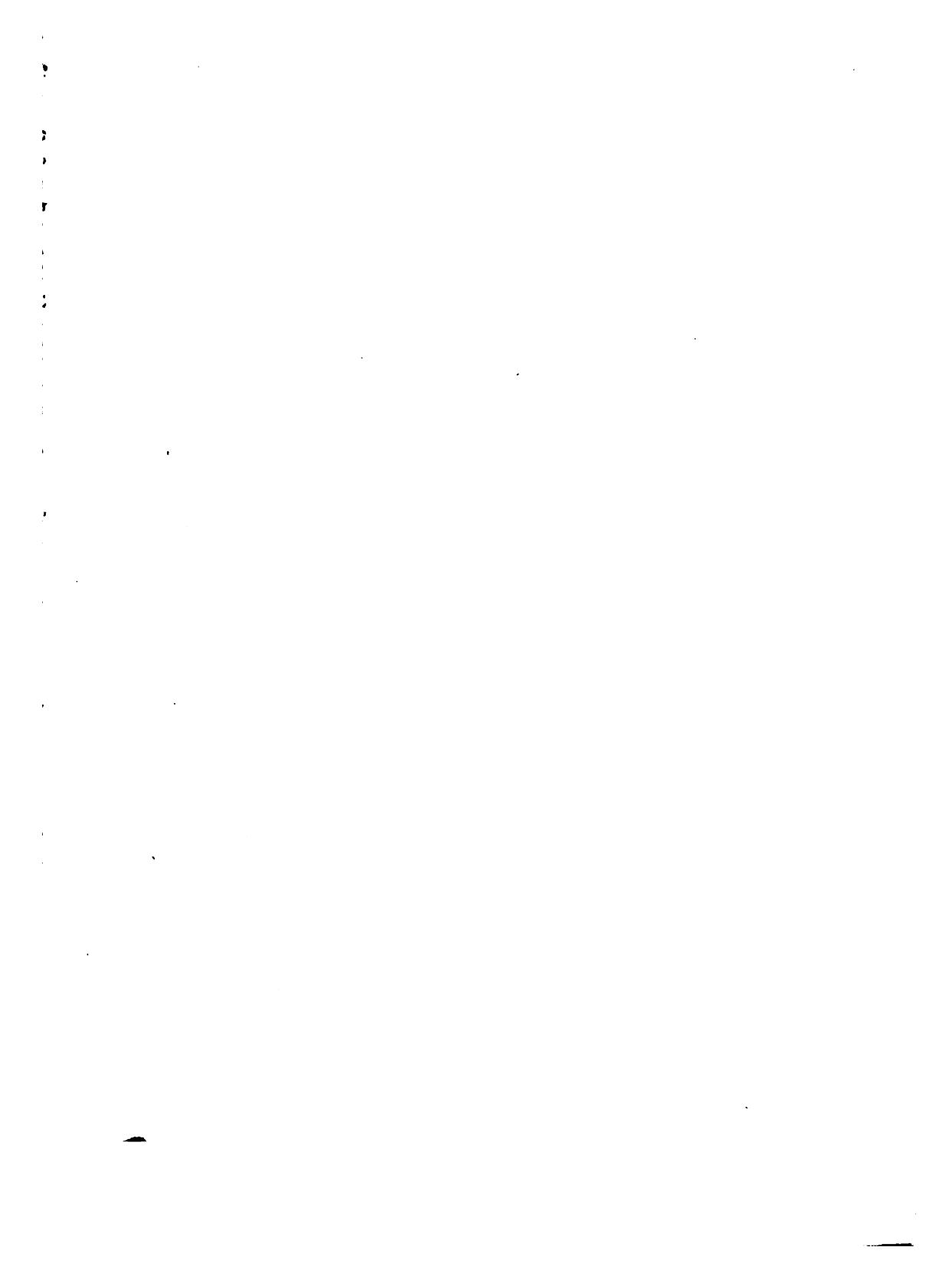
V. iv. 167-200.]

As you like it.

mee. My way is, to coniure you; and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play as please¹ you! And [203 I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women, (as I perceiue by your fimping, none of you hates them,) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please! If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had [207 beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And, I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell! [Exeunt. 211

211. *Exeunt.*] F2. Exit. F. ¹*please* = may please.

FINIS.



NOTES.

p. 8, I. ii. 91. 'Sport'! of what colour? Celia ridicules Le Beus pronunciation of *sport* as *spot*.

p. 23, II. iv. 35. *Wearing*—Wearying.

p. 25, II. v. 16. *stanzo*. 'Tierceret: m. A Song of triple Stanzoes, or Stanzo of three verses.'—1611. Cotgrave.

p. 26, II. v. 48. *Ducdame*. 'Welshman,' a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Sept. 5, 1883, p. 2), wrote: . . . 'when Amiens asks, "What's that *duc dame*!"' the dramatist at once sets Jaques into the cunning of the scene, by replying, "'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.' Now, in point of fact, Jaques was but verbally repeating the self-same invitation which in the song he was parodying had been twice given in the vernacular, "Come hither, come hither"—"An' if he will come to me." For the "Greek" rendering which accompanied it was good honest Welsh—as nearly as the Saxon tongue could frame it. Its exact Cambrian equivalent is, "Deuuch (gy) da mi," "Come with (or to) me." It is jargon no longer. In early times the Sasnach, no doubt, often heard this "challenge" ("Come if you dare") shouted to him by the Cymri from the hill-top or the embattled crag. Hence it was perpetuated in the mimic warfare of their children's games. So that, instead of being the "jargon" it has been assumed to be, it had a distinct historic *raison d'être*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* for Sept. 10, 1883, p. 3, has the following communication from Professor Dowden: 'Among conjectures as to *duc dame*, I should be glad to let a conjecture of my own take its chance. Jaques has all day avoided the Duke; Amiens tells him the Duke is coming to drink under this tree, but he is "too disputable" for Jaques's company. Jaques's song ridicules the folly of the Duke's followers in Arden. What is the Folio's *duc dame* but the French *duc damné*, damned duke? It is "an invocation to call fools into a circle," because the Duke has gathered his followers around him in Arden, and presently they will encircle this tree. It is a "Greek invocation" because it is not Greek, nor Welsh either, but French, the speech of Arden. Jaques will sleep if he can; if he cannot, he will rail at the "first-born of Egypt." Why first-born? Because duke senior, the elder brother, is at present the object of Jaques's spleen.'

Notes.

p. 29, II. vii. 55. *Seeme senselesse of the bob.* Theobald supplied *Not to* before *seem*. Dyce (Collier MS.) read *But to seem*. Dr. Ingleby thus explains ll. 53-57: 'Why does a fool do *wisely* in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man "in a straight betwixt two": to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and the consequential awkwardness of having to do so—which makes him feel foolish enough—or, to put up with the smart, and dissemble it, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation—which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, *i. e.* "If not" ("If he do not"), his "folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool"; taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways.'—*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, 1875, pp. 81, 82. We understand Jaques to mean that a wise man, being (*wisely, i. e.* cleverly) hit, must (*really like a fool*) pretend it is no hit at all, but turn it off as a joke; otherwise, his folly would be at once apparent to all onlookers: the Fool would have made a fool of him. From 'And why' to 'bob' might be left out, so far as the argument is concerned. The wise man's object is to prevent his folly being made apparent to every one by the Fool. He therefore must laugh (and is thus a fool) when the Fool (then a wise man) does hit his folly.

p. 39, III. ii. 186, *a South-sea of discouerie.* Fox of Warburton read *off*, *i. e.* from. But Rosalind compares the multitude of questions which Celia must answer to the vast South Sea, that offers the widest range of discovery to explorers.

p. 55, IV. i. 29. We follow F2 in placing Jaques's exit here, believing, with Mr. Grant White, that Jaques flies the inevitable lovers' talk; and Rosalind mocks him till he is out of sight, pretending the while not to see Orlando, whose delay has piqued her.

p. 73, V. iv. 4. *As those that fear they hope, and know they feare.* That is: as those to whom fear suggests that they have nothing but hope to rely on, while they have distinct and abiding consciousness of fear.

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